

THE
RATIONAL METHOD
IN
: READING :

BY
EDWARD G. WARD



SECOND READER

• PART I •

SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

• PART II •

SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

SILVER BURDETT & COMPANY

Phila. Belle. Sunk.



PICTURE FOR A STORY.

THE
RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

*AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND
INTELLIGENT READING*

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE LESSONS BY

MRS. ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER

Second Reader

(THIRD HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

PART I. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. ADVANCE WORK

PART II. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. THE REMAINING PHONOGRAMS
READING WITH ALL THE PHONOGRAMS



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

First Year

PRIMER

Material: Conversations.

PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

FIRST READER

Material: Conversations and Stories.

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely review Exercises.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

Second Year

SECOND READER

Material: Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. The Remaining Phonograms.

THIRD READER

Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the easier and more familiar Phonetic Words.

FOURTH READER

Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Fiction.

Diacritical Marks omitted from the Text.

FIFTH READER

Material: Literary, Ethical, Historical, and Mythological.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS

PHONETIC CARDS—

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.

SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE special purpose of the Primer and the first two Readers in this series is to put the child, within a year and a half from his entrance into school, into possession of a complete *key* to English Reading; so that, should his schooling then cease, his ability to read would nevertheless "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength."

The method here introduced is a combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. It differs in many essential respects from any before presented, the differences being based upon principles not hitherto clearly understood, or, at any rate, not properly recognized.

The books provide material for part of the work, and indicate, therefore, but part of the method. The rest, both work and method, must be sought in the *Manual*, without a careful perusal of which *no one should attempt to use the books*. The study of the *Manual*, though so important a matter, will not be found difficult, since the directions are comparatively few, are logically grouped, and are clearly and simply expressed.

Those who would have success in the use of the books should follow these directions implicitly during the first year. They will then know the method and understand the underlying principles well enough to be safe in making such deviations from the beaten track as may seem to them wise.

The *method* embodied in the series is an outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn, of which he was for many years the honored Superintendent.

In presenting this edition printed from new plates and embellished with new illustrations, the publishers wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the phenomenal favor that has been accorded to the *Rational Method in Reading* by the teachers and educators of the country. So many editions have been called for that the original plates have become worn; and the publishers, in renewing the plates, have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a few textual changes and improvements.

For the convenience of teachers, the variations in this text as compared with the edition first published have been tabulated, and appear on pages 143 and 144 of this edition.

TO THE TEACHER

It will be useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the Primer and the First Reader,—and

2. Are skillful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than three or four of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours,—or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade,—your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, *whatever time it may require* to do so.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, i.e., have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade or their acquirements may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the Primer and the First Reader in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* and *second* half-years’ work; except that, instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER AND FIRST READER

Words

a, again, ail, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate,—be, been, bird, boy, bread, bush, business, busy, but, by,—can, come, corn, could, cow,—day, did, do, does, dog, don’t, down, drink,—each, eat, egg, eight, end, ever,—for, found, Frank,

from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — less, let, like, look, — make, me, milk, mosquito, Mr., much, — new, no, not, now, — of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — picture, play, pretty, put, — rabbit, — said, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sew, shall, she, some, stay, such, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, turkey, — up, us, — want, was, watch, water, way, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, wind, wing, with, work, would, — yard, yes, you.

Phonograms

ā, ă, a, — b, bl, br, — e, ē, ch, ck, cl, cr, — d, d̄, dr, — ē, ě, e, ed, er, ers, est, ew, — f, ful, — ġ, ḡ, gl, gr, — h, — i, ĭ, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, ness, n̄, — ō, ǒ, ô, o, q, o, ou, ō, — p, pl, pr, — r, — s, s̄, sh, — t, th, th̄, tr, — ŭ, ū, u, un, — v, — w, wh, — ỹ, ỹ̄.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the *Manual* and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have your scholars read a lesson until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Copy on the blackboard, with their marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than three phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of easy work to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson, and the “blend drill” for the day.

A day or two before reaching a lesson that introduces a *new* phonogram, teach the said new phonogram, and give your scholars drill in its use by having them read from the blackboard a number of words taken from the *Manual* list over which said phonogram appears. Do not teach any new phonogram more than a day or two in advance of the lesson over which it is first presented.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the *Manual*, pp. 5-15.



THE DOLLS' BATH

G. Igler.

SECOND READER

PART I

LESSON I

Busy Bärnøŷ

ä

Make be lĳēvø your work is play
And strĳvø with all your mĳght;
Then wearĳness will flŷ a way,
And work be come dēlight.

1. Bärnøŷ was a little Īrish boy. He had a stĳp fäther who was vĳrŷ kind to him.

2. Bärnøŷ's stĳp fäther worked härd for a lĳv ing.
Glĳess what his business was.

3. Was he a bärber ôr a cärman? Was he a chäreōāl man ôr a här ness māk er? Did he kēēp a läündrỹ ôr a märkēt?

4. No, he was a cärpēt clēān er. He callēd Bärnēỹ his pärtner. That was be cauſē Bärnēỹ hēlpēd him so much. It mādē Bärnēỹ věřỹ prouđ.



5. They tōk the cärpēts out on the rĩver, in a bärgē. There they brüşhēd and beāt them well. The work was too dustỹ to do at home.

6. When a cär go of cärpēts was well clēānēd, they would hurřä louđ ly. Bärnēỹ's mōther cōulđ heär the

hearty cheers from the shore. They lived not far from the water. A little foot path led from the landing to the house.

7. Bärnēy's mother would listen and say, "Hark! It's five o'clock now! They've finished to-day's work. I must be getting the supper ready."

8. "I'll give them a fine corn starch pudding to-night. They shall not starve for want of a little good cooking. I must make some rhubarb tarts, too. I'll give them a feast for once."

9. "There's the lad waving to me now. He's waving his sea-let scarf. I'd know it a mile off."

10. Bärnēy and his step father would bring the earpets a shore. They took them to the owners in a cart.

11. They would reach home at about seven o'clock. Bärnēy's mother would kiss them both and give them a good supper.

12. When supper was over, Bärnēy would play marbles with the boys. When it grew too dark to play, he would go in. He would take his book and read a while. Then he would go to Miss Lily White's party.

13. Do you know what that means? It means going to bed. Do you like that kind of party?

LESSON II

Little Threē-Nāmēs

Elizabeth

1. Elizabeth, Bětsěŷ, and Běss

Wēnt walk ing in fīne sunnŷ wēath er,
 And saw on a trē in the lāne,
 Two apples rīpe, hāng ing to gēth er.

2. Elizabeth, Bětsěŷ, and Běss,

Each picked a red apple and ate it.
 But still there was one apple lēft.
 If the rēason you know, plēase to state it.

3. Elizabeth was a little girl. Her fāther called her Bětsěŷ. Her brother called her Běss.

4. Now can you tell a bout the apples?

5. How many girls were there? How many apples wēre eaten?

6. Do you know any little girl who has thrē nāmēs?

LESSON III

Māyde's Pärtŷ

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1. "Let's have a pärtŷ this rājny Mārch after noon," said Māyde Lēigh.

2. "A pärtŷ, a pärtŷ!" shouted all the other chil-
dren. "What
shall we begin
with?"

3. "We will
dress Sādīe up
to be grandmā
and have stōry-
telling."

4. So they
put a lōng dress
on pōor Sādīe.
They fastened a
shawl over her
shōulders. Of
cōurse she had to have on a cāp and glāssēs.



5. When she was all readý they seated her on the sōfā. Then they gāthered around her and called her grandmā. They tēased grandmā for a stōry, as childrēn al ways do.

6. "Well," said grandmā, "here's one that's soon told : —

"Thrēē wīse mēn of Go tham
Wēnt to sēa in a bōwl.
 If the bōwl had been strōngēr.
 My stōry had been lōngēr."

7. "I suppōse the bōwl brōke," said Ruth.

8. "And the thrēē wīse mēn were drownēd," said Paūl.

9. "No nēed to tell that," said Ēdith.

10. "And that's what makes the stōry so shōrt," said Jāmēs.

11. "I don't think they were věry wīse mēn," said Māry.

12. "What shall we play now?" asked Frank.

13. "Let Jěnný sing us a sōng," said Maude. "I'll play the pīānō for her."

14. So Jěnný sāng : —

“ High on the branch of a chēstnūt trēē,
 Līvēd a mother bird and her bird lings thrēē.”

15. The singing was vērŷ sweēt, and the childrēn
 wanted more of it. But by this tīmē Maīdē had
 an other īdēā.

16. “ Let us have a rīddlē,” she said. “ Ćōrā, you
 give us one.”

17. “ Well,” said Ćōrā, “ here is a vērŷ old one:—

“ As I was go ing to Sāīnt Īvēs,
 I mēt nīnē wīvēs.
 How many were go ing to
 Sāīnt Īvēs? ”

18. “ Oh, I can answer that one!” criēd Elizabeth.
 “ My mother rēād it to me out of a bōōk.”

19. “ Well, don’t tell,” said Maīdē. “ Let the others
 gŷlēss.”

20. Jack gŷlēssēd tēn. “ Nīnē and one are tēn,”
 said he.

21. But Ćōrā shōōk her hēād. So did Elizabeth.

22. “ Do you all give it up?” āskēd Ćōrā at lāst.



23. They all said, "Yes," for they could not g^yĕss the answer. Then Ćōrā told them.

24. "Ōnly one was going to Sāⁿt Īv^es," said she. "That was I. The nīn^e were coming *from* Sāⁿt Īv^es. That is how I eā^me to mee^t them."

25. The child^reⁿ thōght the rīd^dl^e a v^er^y good one.

26. Āfter that Māy^de play^ed a pōlkā, and all the child^reⁿ dānc^ed.

27. Then they pāss^ed a round a bāsk^et of fruit. That was the lāst thing on the prōgrā^m.

LESSON IV

Blānchē and her Äynt

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1. There once livēd in Frāncē a little girl nāmēd Blānchē. Her äynt was an ärtist. She pāinted land-seāpēs for a mērchant who sold such things. She workēd ēarly and late to ēarn a liv ing.

2. Blānchē was her little housē kēp er. Her äynt said she was a pērfēet little pearl. Blānchē said, with a pōlitē Frēnch bow, "I am your sērvānt."



3. "Yes, you are my little stir-a bout," said her äunt. "You are wörth more than a pēarl. I wouldn't sell you for a diamond. You know jewēlers chārgē hīgh prīcēs for diamonds. You are a diamond of the fīrst water."

4. "I suppōsē that means the best kind of diamond," said Blānchē. "But I'd rāther be some thing a līvē."

5. "Well, then, you are my ēarnest little woman-of-all-work. You are my nūrsē in sick ness, and my eoøk and houşē kēēp er. You are my clērķ too, for you kēēp all my ācēounts."

6. "And you are all the wōrld to me," said Blānchē. "I have nēthēr mammā nōr papā. What shōuld I do with out you?"

7. "You dārn all my stōck ings," her äunt wēnt on. "You mādē me that pretty pūr plē pinēushīōn. You knit this pūrsē for me. You wīnd up my euckoøk clōck everȳ nīght. You tīē up all my pārçēls. You shārpēn my crāyōns. You kēēp the look ing-glāss bright ly pōlishēd. You never lāy the tā blē clōth croøk ed."

8. "Your tāsks never seem a būrdēn to you. You are up with the lārk. You go bright ly a bout your work. You dēsērvē all that I do for you."

9. "Do you think I could learn to draw and paint?" said Blanché.

10. "You might try," replied her aunt. "I'll teach you if you like. We'll be gin on your birth day. Let me see — that will be the third Thurs day in March."

11. "Oh, good!" cried Blanché, and her eyes sparkled with glad ness. "That will not be long to wait. Some day I may take a turn at your work. Then you can take a turn at mine, if you like."

12. "That will be a change for both of us," said aunty. "And change of work is play, you know."

13. "I hope I shall not be a slow sewer," said Blanché. "If I succeed, we can work to gether. We shall be the happiest couple on earth then."

14. "Well, don't furnish your house be fore it's built," said aunty, smiling. "You remind me of the foolish woman in the story. She counted her chickens be fore they were hatched."

15. "Yes," said Blanché, "I know; and then she let her basket fall. Of course all the eggs were broken. Then there was no chance for any chickens."

16. But Blanché learned to draw and paint very well. In time, she be came as fine an artist as her aunt.

LESSON V

I Like Little Pussŷ

1. I like little Pussŷ,
Her eōāt is so wārm,
And if I don't hūrt her
She'll do me no hārm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nōr drīv her a way.
But Pussŷ and I
Věry gěntly will play.
2. She shall sit by my sīdē,
And I'll give her some fōōd;
And she'll lovē me be eayse
I am gěntle and good.
I'll pat little Pussŷ,
And then she will pūrr,
And thus shōw her thānks
For my kind ness to her.
3. I'll not pinch her ēārs,
Nōr trēd on her paw,

Lest I should prōvōkē her
 To ūse her shārp clāw ;
 I never will crōss her,
 Nōr make her displēased,
 For Pussy don't like
 To be wōrried ōr tēased.

— Jānē Tāylōr

LESSON VI

How the Wōrld Cāme to an End

1. It rāīnēd hārd, and Chickēn Little ran under a rōse bush. She stayed there until the rāīn was over. She was a bout to come out when some thing drēdful hāppēd.

2. The lēaves were still hēāvŷ with water. A grēat drōp rōllēd from one of them. It fēll on Chickēn Little's tail.

3. Chickēn Little ran to her mōther. This is what she said, “ Oh, Hēn Pēn, the wōrld has come to an end ! ”

4. “ How do you know, Chickēn Little ? ” said Hēn Pēn. And what do you think Chickēn Little answēd ?

5. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears.
And a piece of it fell on my tail."

6. Hën Pën could not help believing her child. She
ran to Dück Lück. "Oh, Dück Lück," she cried,
"the world has come to an end!"

7. "How do you know, Hën Pën?" said Dück Lück.

8. "Chicken Little told me," said Hën Pën.

9. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

10. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears.
And a piece of it fell on my tail."

11. Then Dück Lück believed it and ran to Goose Loose.

12. "Oh, Goose Loose, the world's come to an end!"

13. "How do you know, Dück Lück?"

14. "Hën Pën told me."

15. "How do you know, Hën Pën?"

16. "Chicken Little told me."

17. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

18. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears.
And a piece of it fell on my tail."

19. "Oh! oh! oh!" said Goose Loose. "I must go
tell Turkey Lurkey."

20. But just then the sun came out. They all fell to
eating. They forgot that the world had come to an end.

LESSON VII

A. Rēāding Test

1. "Come, Ēdīth," said Elizabeth, "let us play schōōl. I will be the teacher, and you shall be my best schōl ār. I will test you on what you have rēād. Who was Weē Winnīē?"

2. "A dēār little girl," rēplīēd Ēdīth. "She could not talk much, but she could spēāk to her puppŷ. Yes, and to her kīd, too. They were her pēts."

3. "Věry well answērēd. Who was Dōttŷ Dim plē?"

4. "An other little girl. Dick Duntōn pickēd her a dājšŷ. It soōn wiltēd and dīēd. Then

"On the little dājšŷ dēār

Dōttŷ Dim plē drōppēd a tēār."

5. "Věry good; věry good in dēēd! Now just one thing mōrē. Tell me what a drāgōn-flŷ is."

6. "It is a lārgē in sēet. It eats mosquitoes, but does no harm to childrēn. Some childrēn fēār drāgōn-flīēs. They are věry foōlish. Some drāgōn-flīēs fēār childrēn."

7. "You are a vĕrĕ bright girl. You have an sĕwered nice ly. Let me pin this mĕdāl on your dress. You may kĕep it a wĕek."



LESSON VIII

The Friend ly Bĕe

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1. "Busy bĕe, busy bĕe,
Where is your home?"
"In truth, little mĕiĕden,
I lĭvĕ in a eōmb."

2. Ēthĕl Hĕrt was the "little mĕiĕden." She was in her fĕther's ōrchard.

3. It was Mōn day āfternoon. Her lessōns were all dōnĕ. She was play ing with her brother Ārthŭr.

4. A bĕe wĕnt hŭmming by. Ārthŭr stĕrted to run, but Ēthĕl thōught she would talk to it. She was sŭrprised at the bĕe's rĕādĕ an sĕwer.

5. Ārthŭr heard nōth ing but hŭmming. That must have been be cĕūse he was a frĕiĕd.

6. Ēthēl was not distūrbēd by the beē. She did not wōrry lest it shōuld hūrt her. That was how she cāmē to hear the rhymē.

7. "You are a wōnder ful beē," she said. "You talk as well as I can with my tōnguē. Whȳ do you flȳ so hēāvīly?"

8. "I am lādēn with hōnēȳ," rēplīēd the beē. "I have been about amōng the flowers in the pārk all day. This is my busy mōnth. We beēs make all our hōnēȳ in sūmmer. There is nōthing to make it of in wīnter."

9. "No," said Ēthēl, "the flowers don't flōurish out-sīdē then. We take some of them into the housē. They make our sītting room lōvely. There is a lārgē hōnēȳ sūcklē in frōnt of our dōr. Did you dīscover it? It has a lōvely eōl ōr and a dē līght ful ōdōr."



10. "Yes, in dēd," hūmmēd the beē. "The vīnē is

a vĕrŷ pretty one. It is a cōmfōrt to have it so nĕar home. I like the vīnē that cōvĕrs the dōvē ēōtē, too. There is nōnē fīn er."

11. "Yes, and the hūmming birds like it," said Ēthĕl. "I saw puss trying to catch one there this mōrn ing. But the bird wōn the day. Puss had to look further for her brack fast."

12. "Well, I must lĕavē you," said the beē. "You are the first little girl I ever stōppēd to talk to. I like you, but my work must be dōnē."

13. The beē wĕnt on his home ward way. He never spōkē a word to Ēthĕl again.



LESSON IX

Which Lōvēd Mother Best?

1. "I lōvē you, mother," said little Jōhn,
Then for getting his work, his cap wĕnt on,
And he was ōff to the garden swing,
Lĕav ing his mother the word to bring.
2. "I lōvē you, mother," said rōsŷ Nĕll,
"I lōvē you bĕtter than tōngue can tĕll."

Then she tēased and pouted hālf the day,
Till all were glād when she wēnt to play.

3. “I lovē you, mother,” said little Fan,
 “To-day I will hēlp you all I can.
 How glād I am that schōol does not kēēp!”
 And she rōckēd the bābē till it fēll a slēēp.
4. Then, stēppīng sōft ly, she brōūght the brōōm,
 .And swēpt the fłōōr and tīdīd the rōōm;
 Busy and hāppŷ all day was she,
 Hēlp ful and hāppŷ as chīld could be.
5. “I lovē you, mother,” again they said,
Thrēē little chīldrēn all go īng to bed.
 How do you think that mother gŷēssēd
 Which of them rēal ly lovēd her best?



— Joy Allison.

LESSON X

Victōr and the Sēā Gūll

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Mrs.

1. “Hārk! what is that noīē?” askēd Mrs. Mājōrŷ,
 one warm āfter noōn.

2. "Don't let it annoy you, mammä," said her daughter Hannäh. "It is only Victör. You know what a voicē he has. He is rējoicing over the sāfē ārrivāl of his good ship Sēā Gūll."



3. "He is věry boisterous," said the mother. "He enjoys nōthing so much as a noisē. So he has been sailing his toy ship, has he? He must have been down to Bīrch Pōint. I hōpē he has not tōrn his new jack ēt."

4. Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, “Hurrä! hurrä! the Sēa Gŭll’s arrived. None of her people are drowned. They have all come ashore well and happy. The ship sailed from France only seven days ago. She brought a heavy cargo.”

5. That was a short voyage,” said Mrs. Mājör, smiling. “But you are very noisy, my son. You should keep noise play out of doors.”

6. “Have I made your head ache, mamma?” asked Victor. “If I have, I am very sorry.”

7. “No, not this time,” replied his mother. “But now find a harbor for your ship and anchor her. I have some errands for you to do.”

8. “I’m just the person to do errands,” said Victor. “I never get nervous and for get what I am sent for. I don’t loiter on the way. I don’t buy oil for vinegar.”

9. “What shall I get? Some turnips, some oysters, and a joint of mutton?”

10. “You had better stop praising your self,” said his mother. “Then perhaps we shall find out what you can do.”

11. “All right!” said Victor. “Wait till I furl the Sēa Gŭll’s sails and put her away. She went through

an awful stôrm, but it could not dēstroy her. Her sails are not ēven moistēned by the rāin.

12. "Now I'm rēadȳ, mammā," Victōr wēnt on, a mōmēnt lāter. "The Sēā Ġull is sāfely ānchōrēd in my toy chest. Do you want a lēg of mūtton to boil? Ōr shall I get a beefstēāk to broil? May I ȳdē my bīcȳclē to the stōrē?"

13. "No, my sōn, I'm afrāīd you'll have to go afoot. I dis like to spoil your fun, but ěrrands are work. You could not cārřy a bāskēt and rīdē your wheel.

14. "Go to the fāncȳ goods stōrē first. Get me an ounce of wōrsted to māch this sample. Then go to the butcher's. Ask him to send up the sīrlōin stēāk I ōrdērēd this mōrn ing. Get a bōnē for your dog, Hēē tōr, too."

15. Victōr whisflēd to Hēē tōr, and they were ōff.

16. They wēnt to the fāncȳ goods stōrē for the wōrsted. The sample was ēāsily māchēd.

17. Then they wēnt to the butcher's. Here, Victōr bōught the bōnē for his dog. It was a mūtton bōnē. He āskēd the butcher to send the stēāk, too.

18. Hannāh had not finishēd sētting the tāblē when they rētūrnēd. Hēētōr had his bōnē in his mouth. He lookēd as proud as if he had been mārkēt ing all alōnē.

LESSON XI

A Dīālŏgŭē

(For tŭō small boys.)

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| <p>1. Ġŭēss what I have in my pŏckēt.</p> <p>2. I ean't ġŭēss. Tell me, wŏn't you?</p> <p>3. No, you'll have to ġŭēss.</p> <p>4. Who ġāvē it to you?</p> <p>5. No one ġāvē it to me.</p> <p>6. Where did you bŭy it?</p> <p>7. I <u>didn't</u> bŭy it.</p> <p>8. Where did you get it?</p> <p>9. I found it.</p> <p>10. Is it a mār blē?</p> <p>11. No. Ġŭēss again.</p> <p>12. What eŏlŏr is it?</p> <p>13. No eŏlŏr at all.</p> <p>14. You'rē tēas ing me.</p> <p>15. No, in dēēd, I'm not.</p> | <p>16. Is it hārd or sŏft?</p> <p>17. It is n't ēŭther.</p> <p>18. Is it good to eat?</p> <p>19. Not a <u>bit</u> of it.</p> <p>20. What is it good for?</p> <p>21. It is n't good for any-thing.</p> <p>22. I don't be lĭēvē you have any thing.</p> <p>23. Yes, I have, too.</p> <p>24. Will you give me hālf if I ġŭēss it?</p> <p>25. I ean't get it out of my pŏckēt.</p> <p>26. I ean't ġŭēss it.</p> <p>27. Do you give it up?</p> <p>28. Yes. What is it?</p> <p>29. It's a hŏlē.</p> |
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LESSON XII

The Cluck ing Hën

1. "Will you not take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's bärleÿ in the bärleÿ-fïeld,
And hāÿ-seed in the hāÿ."
2. "Oh, thank you!" said the cluck ing hën,
"I've some thing else to do ;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs ;
I can not walk with you."
3. "Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck,"
Said the busy, cluck ing hën ;
"My little chicks will soon be hăÿched ;
I'll think a bout it then."
4. The cluck ing hën sat on her nest ;
She mādē it in the hāÿ ;
And warm and snūg be nēath her breast,
A dōzen whitē eggs lāÿ.

5. Crăck, crăck! crăck, crăck! wënt all the eggs;
 Out eāmø the chickēns small.
 “Clück-clück, clück-clück,” said the clück ing hën;
 “I see I have you all.”
6. “Come, come a lōng, my little chicks.
 I’ll take a wălk with you.”
 “Höllō! Höllō!” said the bärn-dōør cōck,
 “Hō! Cōck-a-doødlø-do!”
 — Äynt Ēffīe’s Rhymes.



LESSON XIII

The Wind and the Sun

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1. It was a wărm Tūēs day in Jūly. The Wind and the Sun fëll in to a dispūtē.
2. “See that silly man,” crīød the Wind. “He has his cōāt buttonēd as if it were winter. Why don’t you make him take it öff?”
3. “Why don’t you?” said the Sun.
4. “I will, if it will a mūse you,” said the Wind.

5. "I don't think you can," said the Sun. "But let me see you tr̄y."

6. So the Wind rūshēd down the āvenūē and gāvē the man a fīrcē salūtē. The beāūtī ful ēlm trēē bēnt



be fōrē it. A fēw of them lōst a brānch or tȳō. But the man ōn ly wālkēd on fāst er.

7. The Wind blēw mōrē fūrīōusly than ever. It mādē wīld mūsic a round the chūrch stēē plē. It blēw a eūpolā from the Jūdgē's hōusē.

8. A hūgē tūlip trēē stoðd fīrm against the blāst. The man took shēlter be hīnd its trūnk. He buttoned his eōāt tigher a bout him. He stoðd clōse to the trēē to avoid the wind.

9. “A winter sūjt is useful this wēāth er,” said he. “I must put my glōves on.”

10. At this the Wind gāvē up trying and with drew in a rāgē.

11. “Stūpid fēllōw!” he cried. “He is as stūbbōrn as a mūlē. He rēfūsēs to do as I bīd him. One would think his clōthes were glūed on.”

12. “It is better to employ gentle means,” said the Sun. “Hārsh ones sēldom win. Let me shōw you how to get the eōāt ōff.”

13. Then he pōured down his rāys up on fīeld and pāsture. They warmēd the chillēd ēarth and mādē it fēel like sūmmer again.

14. The flowers smilēd up at the Sun in joy. The skȳ be cāmē blūē with dēlight.

15. “Dēār me!” cried the man. “It’s as hōt as an ōven again.”

16. ōff cāmē his eōāt, his glōves, his vest, and ēven his eōllār.

LESSON XIV

Little Kittie

1. Once there was a little kittie,
 White as the snow.
In a bärn she used to frölic,
 Löng, löng ago.
2. In that bärn a little mouse,
 Ran to and frō,
When she heard the kittie coming,
 Löng, löng ago.
3. Two black eyes had little kittie,
 Black as a crow,
And they spied the little mouse,
 Löng, löng ago.
4. Four soft paws had little kittie,
 Paws soft as dough,
But they caught the little mouse,
 Löng, löng ago.
5. Nine white teeth had little kittie,
 All in a row,

And they bit the little mousiē,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

6 When the tēth bit little mousiē,
Mousiē criēd "Oh!"

But she gōt a way from kittiē,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

— Little Pēople's Spēak er.



LESSON XV

The Little Red Hēn

1. A little red hēn found a grāīn of wheat, and she said, "Who will plānt this wheat?"

2. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."

3. "I will, then," said the little red hēn, and she did.

4. When the wheat was rīp, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground in to flour?"

5. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."

6. The little red hēn said, "I will, then," and she did.

7. When she eāmeġ bāck with the flour, she said, "Who will make this flour in to bread?"

8. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the cat said, "I wōn't"; and the pĭġ said, "I wōn't."

9. The little red hĕn said, "I will, then," and she did.

10. When the bread was dōneġ, the little red hĕn said, "Who will eat this bread?"

11. The rat said, "I will"; the cat said, "I will"; and the pĭġ said, "I will."

12. The little red hĕn said, "No, you wōn't, for I am going to do it my sĕlf," and she did.



LESSON XVI

The Threē Bēars

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size

1. Little Silver-Hâir wĕnt for a walk one fĭneġ Jūneġ day. The âir was wārm and the dĕw was all ġōneġ. She strōlleġ in to the wōġds.

2. She felt vĕry hăppy. You could tell that by the eŭrĭous little tŭne she săng.

3. She plŭcked the pretty hăre bells un til she saw a rĕal livĕ hăre.

4. "Oh! hăres are seărcĕ," said she. "I'll give this finĕ fĕllow a seăre."

5. She ran āfter him, but she could not cătch him. Silver-Hăir did not căre.

6. She now found her sĕlf in the dĕep, dĕep woods. A eŭrĭous little housĕ stood befĕre her. She knŕocked at the dŕor. No bŕdy căme. Then she wĕnt in. There was no one at home.

7. "This must be the dĭning room," she said. "Brĕakfast is rĕady and the pŕridge is cool ing. I'll hĕlp my sĕlf."

8. Thrĕe bŕwls of pŕridge stood on the tăble.

9. Firŕt there was a grĕāt hŭge bŕwl of pŕridge. Silver-Hăir tăsted that, but it was too hŕt.

10. Then there was a mĭddle-sized bŕwl of pŕridge. She tăsted that, but it was too cold.

11. Then there was a little, smăll; wĕe bŕwl of pŕridge. She tăsted that, and it was jŭst rĭght. So she ate it all up.

12. When she had finished, she looked about her. She saw thrē châirs.

13. One was a grēat hūgē châir. She sat up on that, but it was too hārd.

14. An other was a mīddle-sized châir. She sat up on that, but it was too sōft.

15. The thīrd was a little, small, wē châir. She sat up on that and found it just right. So she sat and sat un tīl she brōkē the bōttōm out.

16. Then she wēnt up stâirs, where she found thrē beds.

17. One was a grēat hūgē bed. She lāy up on that, but it was too hīgh.

18. Another was a mīddle-sized bed. She lāy up on that, but it was too lōw.

19. The thīrd was a little, small, wē bed. She lāy up on that, and it was just right. So she lāy there un tīl she fēll fāst aslēp.

20. Whīlē she was aslēp, all the famīly eāmē home. They had been out to walk whīlē thēir pōrrīdgē eoplēd. They were a famīly of bēars.

21. One was a Grēat Hūgē Bēar. An other was a Mīddle-sized Bēar. Thēsē were the pārents. The thīrd,

thêir ôn ly chîld, was a Little, Small, Weê Bêar. Whêr-
ever they wênt they tôk him with them.

22. "Some one has been tâsting my pôrrîdge,"
shouted the Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat, hûge
voice.

23. "And some one has been tâsting my pôrrîdge,"
said the Mîddle-sîzed Bêar in her mîddle-sîzed voice.

24. "And some one has eaten my pôrrîdge all up,"
crîed the Little, Small, Weê Bêar in his little, small,
weê voice.

25. Then they lookêd a bout for thêir châirs.

26. "Some one has been sitting in my châir,"
shouted the Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat hûge voice.

27. "And some one has been sitting in mîne," said
the Mîddle-sîzed Bêar in her mîddle-sîzed voice.

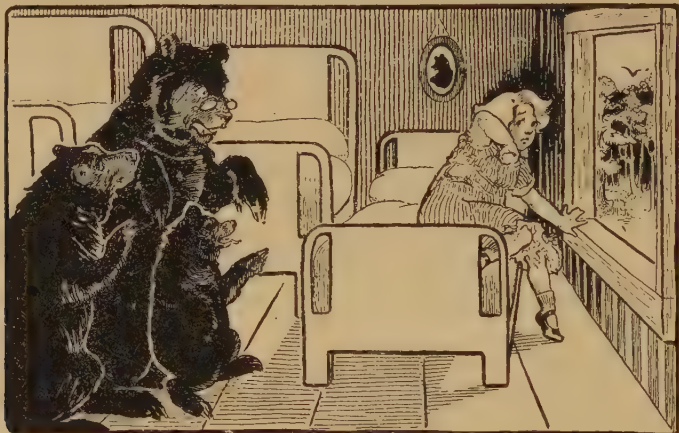
28. "Some one has broken the bôttom out of my
châir," crîed the Little, Small, Weê Bêar in his little,
small, weê voice.

29. Then they wênt up stâirs.

30. "Some one has lâin in my bed," shouted the
Grêat Hûge Bêar in his grêat hûge voice.

31. "And some one has lâin in my bed," said the
Mîddle-sîzed Bêar in her mîddle-sîzed voice.

32. "Some one is l̄y ing f̄ast a sl̄ēp in my bēd," c̄rīēd the Little, Small, Weē Bēar in his little, small, weē voicē.



33. At that, Little Silver-Hair ā wōkē. At fīrst she did not rēmēmber where she was. Then she bēgān to look a rōund.

When she saw the thrē bēars, she sāt up in bēd. She st̄arēd at them, and they at her.

34. "This is no plācē for me," thōygh̄t she.

35. So she jūmpēd rīght thrōugh the wīndōw and rān off. The bēars were so āstōnīshēd that they jūst stōp̄d and lōkēd. So Silver-Hair gōt home s̄āfē.

LESSON XVII

Frōg̃s at Schōol

1. Twēntŷ frōg̃gīēs wēnt to schōol
Down besīdē a rūshŷ pool;
Twēntŷ little eoats of grēen,
Twēntŷ vests all whitē and clēan.
2. “We must be in tīmē,” said they;
“First we stūdy, then we play;
That is how we kēep the rulē
When we frōg̃gīēs go to schōol.”
3. Master Bull frōg, grāvē and stērn,
Cālled the clāssēs in thēir tūrn;
Tāught them how to nō blŷ strīvē,
Like wīse how to lēap and dīvē;
4. From his seat up on the lōg,
Shōwēd them how to sāy “Kēr-chōg̃!”
Al so how to dōdḡē a blōw
From the sticks that bād boys thrōw.

5. Twěntŷ frōggīęs grēw up fāst;
 Bull frōgŷ they be eāmē at lāst;
 Not one duncę a mōng the lōt,
 Not one lessōn they for gōt;

6. Pōlishēd in a hīgh dēgrē,
 As each frōggīę ōught to be.
 Now they sit on other lōgŷ,
 Teach ing other little frōgŷ.

—Géôrgé Cooper.

LESSON XVIII

The Mâr's Jōkē

laugh

1. Běss is our old grāy mârē. Let me tell you of the trick she playēd once. I think it will make you laugh. I laughēd hēartī ly when I fīrst hēard of it.

2. Mother was sick, and Mārŷ had to go for the dōetōr. She sādldēd old Běss and rōdē her.

3. There were twō rōads througħ the wōd. Mārŷ tōk the rōad to the right.

4. She reached the dōetōr's house in sāfētŷ. She left wōrd for him to eall. Then she stārt ed home.

5. On the way bāck, she tōok the other rōād. She stōppēd a bout hālf-way through the wōod. She saw some rīpē bēriēs. She jūmpēd down from the horse's bāck and began to eat the bēriēs.

6. Bēss grew tīrēd of wāit ing. Sōon she trotted off tōwārd home. Mārŷ callēd her, but she would not mīnd. She kickēd up her heels as if laugh ing at Mārŷ. Then she trotted on. Mārŷ did not laugh. No, in dēēd! A wālk of fīvē mīlēś is no laugh ing matter.

7. When the mārē reached home a lōnē, we were all frightenēd. We thought some thing dread ful had hāppēd to Mārŷ.

8. Jōhn jūmpēd in to the sād dlē. "Which rōād did Mārŷ take?" he āskēd.

9. Mother told him the rōād to the right. He tōok that rōād and hūrriēd to the dōetōr's house.

10. He found that Mārŷ had callēd and gōnē.

11. "She must have tākēn the other rōād home," he said. "I did not meet her on my way here."

12. So he tōok the other rōād, too. By and by he eāmē to the bēriēs.

13. "She must have stoppēd here," said he. "She never could have passēd thēsē nice bērrīēs. Then, no doubt, the māre ran away from her." At this thought he laughēd. "She is all right, and by this tīme sārē at home. I will stōp and have some bērrīēs, too."



14. He jūmpēd down and be-
gan to eat.

15. "Oh!" thought Bēss, "so you like bērrīēs, too! Well, I don't cārē for them. I think I'll go home."

16. Sō off she stārtēd. She would not come bāck when Jōhn callēd her. He callēd and callēd.

17. Then he ran āfter her. But she ran fāster than he could.

18. At lāst he reachēd home, all out of brēath. Mārŷ was at the gātē, laugh ing at him. Jōhn was crōss for a mōmēt. Then he laughēd, too, to think how stūpīd he had been.

LESSON XIX

Over in the Měādōw

1. Over in the mēādōw,
 Sitting in the sun,
You'll find a mother tōād
 And her little tōādīe one.
2. "Jūmp!" says the mother.
 "We jūmp!" says the one;
And they jūmp and are glād
 In the bright, shīn ing sun.
3. Over in the mēādōw,
 Where the brook runs through,
You'll find a mother fish
 And her little fishes twō.
4. "Swim!" says the mother.
 "We swim!" sāy the twō;
And they swim and are glād,
 Thōugh their joys are but fēw.

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5. Over in the mēādōw,
In an old apple trēē,
You'll find a mother bird
And her little bird iēs thrēē.
6. "Sing!" says the mother.
"We sing!" sāy the thrēē;
And they sing and are glād
In the old apple trēē.
7. Over in the mēādōw,
On the grass ŷ flōōr,
You'll find a mother ēwē,
With her little lamḃkins fōūr.
8. "Skip!" says the mother.
"We skip!" sāy the fōūr;
And they skip and are glād
On the grēēn mēādōw flōōr.

— Ölivē A. Wadsworth.

LESSON XX

The Busy Bees

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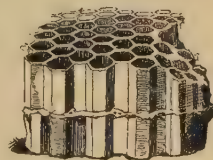
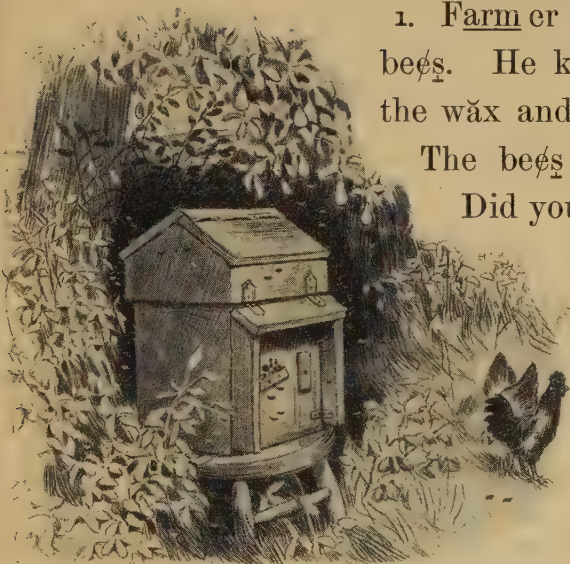
1. Farmer Hūxtōn ōwns many bees. He kēeps the bees for the wāx and hōnēy they make.

The bees live in a bee hīve.

Did you ever see one?

2. The bee hīve is a wōdden bōx. It stands on a stool under the pēar trēē. The bees go in and out through a hōlē.

3. They build thēir hōnēy cōmb in sīdē. This is how it looks. We call the hōlēs cells. The walls of thēse cells are mādē of wāx. You may examine the picture.



Each çell, you see, is a hexagon. That is, it has six sides and six corners. The sides must be all of exact ly the same length. Hexagons may be large or small. They are all a like in shape. Don't you think bees are fairy, to make these çells so perfect?

4. They fill the çells with honey. This is for their winter food. They make a great deal more than they need. Farm er Huxton takes all they have to spare and sells it.

5. Bees are much admired for their industry. They work as cheerful ly as if work were play. They set an excell^lent exam ple for boys and girls.



LESSON XXI

Poor Brother F^ox

1. It is not every one who works for a living. Brother F^ox does not. He lives by thiev ing. Farm er Huxton raises chickens with a great deal of eare. Brother F^ox h^{el}p^s him s^{el}f to them when ever he can do so.

2. He feeds his children on st^{ol}en chicken, too. That

is a bād way to bring them up. They lĕarn to think it thĕir dūtĭ to stĕāl. No one ever explāins right and wrōng to them. We can not expĕct them to be hon est.

3. Stĕāl ing is not a sāfĕ thing to do ēith er. Brother Fōx will get in to trōūblĕ some day. Farm er Hūxtōn has not caught him so fār, how- ever. He is vĕrĭ sōrĕly vexĕd a bout him.

4. Brother Fōx is slĭ and kĕĕps out of all snārĕs. They sāĭ he is as shārp-ĕĭĕd as a lĭnx. Slĭ as he is, he will be caught some day. Then he will fīnd that stĕāl ing is no laugh ing matter.

5. He has run ōff with sĭx chickēns in twō wĕĕks.



I don't think he will get a sēventh. Shall I tell you whȳ?

6. Farm er Hūxtōn has hūng a hammock in the bārn. He is going to slēep there a whilē. The next tīmē Brother Fōx āppēars will be the lāst.

7. The ōxēn will hear a gun go off. Next mōrn ing they will see a dēād fōx.

8. Shall we take the pickāx and dīg Brother Fōx a grāvē? Shall we call the sextōn and have a fīnē fūneral?

9. Or shall we strip off Brother Fōx's skin and stūff it? We might do so and send it to the mūseūm.

10. Fârwēll, Brother Fōx!



LESSON XXII

Nēll's Let ter

1. Dēār Grandmā, I will trȳ to wřitē
A vērȳ little let ter.

If I don't spēll the wōrds all right,
Whȳ, next tīmē I'll do bētter.

2. I think I'll clōse my let ter now ;
I've nōthing more to tell.
Plēase an swer soōn and come to see
Your lōv ing little Nēll.

3. "Well, that *is* a shōrt let ter!" criēd Grandmä,
laughing. "It is nēār ly as shōrt as the stōry of Jack
and Dōry."

4. "Who were Jack and Dōry, Grandmä?" said
Willē. Willē was Nēll's little coūsīn. He was play-
ing with his blōcks up on the floōr. He heard what
Grandmä said a bout Nēll's let ter.

5. "No one ever found out who they were," said
Grandmä.

6. "You said there was a stōry a bout them," said
Willē. "Tell it to me, Grandmä."

7. "That wōn't take lōng," said Grandmä. "It is
ōnly one of the Mōther Goōse rhymes. Here it is in
your picture boōk. Come and point to the wōrds whilē
I rēad it."

8. Willē ōfferēd his little fat hand to Grandmä. She
told him to strāightēn out the in dex fīngēr. She
pointed with it to each wōrd, as she rēad:—

“I’ll tell you a stōry
A bout Jack and Dōry;
And now my stōry’s be gun.
I’ll tell you an other
Of Jack and his brother;
And now my stōry is dōne.”



LESSON XXIII

The New Moon

1. Dēār mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so eunning be fōrē;
Her two little horns
Are so shārp and so bright,
I hōpē she’ll not grōw any more.
2. If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I’d rōck in it nice ly, you’d see;
I’d sit in the middle
And hold by bōth ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle ’twould be!

3. I would eall to the stärs
 To kēp out of the way,
Lest we shō~~u~~ld rōck over thēir tō~~e~~s;
 And then I would rōck
 Till the dā~~y~~n of the day,
 And see where the pretty mō~~o~~n go~~e~~s.

4. And there we would stay
 In the beā~~u~~tī ful skī~~e~~s,
 And th~~r~~ough the b~~r~~ight cl~~o~~uds we would rō~~a~~m;
 We would see the s~~u~~n sēt,
 And see the s~~u~~n rī~~s~~e,
 And on the next rā~~i~~n~~b~~ō~~w~~ come home.
 — Ēlīzā Fōllen.



LESSON XXIV

The Pī~~e~~d Pī~~p~~er

1. Do you like rat stō~~r~~i~~e~~s, chīl~~d~~rēn? Well, here is the mō~~s~~t fā~~m~~ō~~u~~s one ever tōl~~d~~.

2. Of cō~~u~~rse you have heard of Hamelin! What! no? — nō~~r~~ of the Pī~~e~~d Pī~~p~~er? Well, then, lī~~s~~ten, all.

3. Hamelin was a tōwn full of busy pē~~o~~ple. It was

full of rats, too. There were more rats than pēople. The pēople did not know what to do, the rats annoyed them so. They tried one thing after an other.

4. At last they went to the Māyōr with their trouble. But he could not help them in the least.

5. Just then, the Pied Piper came to town. He said he could charm the rats a way. He offered to do so for a thousand guilders. That was a great deal of money. But the Māyōr promised him he should have it.

6. Then he played up on his pipe. You should have heard him! It sounded like scrapping tripe. It sounded like crushing apples, to make cider. It sounded like opening pickles barrels and jelly jars. It sounded like drawing corks. It sounded like breaking the hoops of butter tubs.

7. The rats love all these sounds dearly. They all ran out, expecting a feast. They followed the Pied Piper from street to street. You would have done so your selves. Yes, you would, if you had been rats. No rat could stay at home that day.

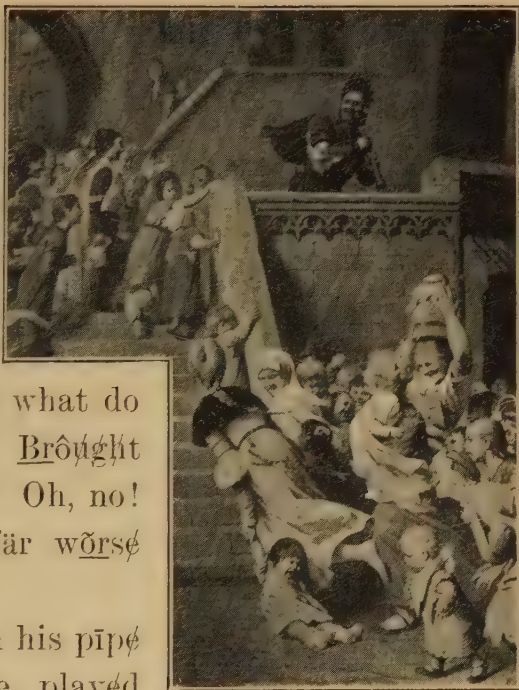
8. But the Pied Piper tricked them badly. He led them to the river and stopped there. They were running so fast, they could not stop. In to the water they

plunged and were drowned. So the town was freed from rats.

9. Then the Pied Piper claimed his money. But the Mayor would not give it to him. Then what do you think he did? Brought the rats back to life? Oh, no! He did something far worse than that.

10. He played up on his pipe again. This time he played sweet music. It was sweeter than any music ever heard before. It seemed to tell the children beautiful stories. It told them of a lovely land near by. It promised them they should go there.

11. They heard it wherever they were. They came running out of their homes. They laughed and shouted with glee. They followed the Pied Piper from street to street.



12. He led them to the mountain. When they reached it, a way opened before them. They passed through the opening with the Pied Piper. All followed him but one child, who was lame.

13. The way closed up behind them. They were never seen again in Hamelin. Neither was the Pied Piper.



LESSON XXV

The Envious Squirrel

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1. Mr. Squirrel has a queer little home. It is a hole in a pear tree. He lives very quietly with his wife and family.

2. The tree is in Farmer Huxton's orchard. The squirrels spend most of their time in a wood near by. They have quite a number of friends there. They know the Quails and the Hare family. They are acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Land-Turtle. They never visit Mr. Owl, though they know where he lives. They

have often scampered up and down his tree. They have peeped in to his house.

3. "I wish Mr. Owl would move," said Mrs. Squirrel, one day. "The hole that he lives in would make a good home for us. He is a queer fellow. He lives all a lone. He never receives any callers. He never goes to the Queen Bee's banquets. No one ever inquires about him. He sleeps all day. He cannot bear the glare of the sunlight. He must be very bashful. You could not coax him out if you tried. Why should such a fellow have a nicer home than we?"



4. "Don't be ěnvīřus, my dēār," said Mr. Squīrrel.
 "Our home is quītē as good as his."

5. "We shōūld be sāfer in the fōrest," said Mrs. Squīrrel. "When they gāthēr the fruit, I quākē with fēār. Every quīver of our brānch makes me trēm blē. We ōūght to find sāfer quārters. A squēāl from one of our chīldrēn mīght rŭin us. Farmer Hūxtōn mīght hear it and come to look for us. Then he would put us into a eāgē for his boys. We shōūld never get out again."

6. The next day, Farmer Hūxtōn's sōn Rōbērt was in the wōd. He clīmbed the ōāk trēē where Mr. Owl līved. He found the hōlē and pulled Mr. Owl out of it. He tōok him home and put him in to a eāgē.

7. The hōlē in the ōāk was ěmptŷ now. But Mrs. Squīrrel dēcīd ed not to mōvē in to it.

8. "I'll never be ěnvīřus again," she said.

Would you take your brother's toy?

Then you are a sēlf ish boy.

How would you, your sēlf, ěnjoy

Having some one take *your* toy?

LESSON XXVI

The Wise Flies

1. A hūngrŷ spīder māde a wēb
Of thrēad so věry fīne,
Your tīnŷ fīngers seārcē could fēel
The little slender līnē.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout it spun,
Straīght a cröss, and back again,
Un tīl the wēb was dōne.
2. Oh, what a pretty shīn ing wēb
It was when it was dōne!
The little flīēs all cāme to see
It hānging in the sun.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout they dāncēd,
A cröss the wēb, and back again,
They dārted and they glāncēd.
3. The hūngrŷ spīder sat and watchēd
The hāppŷ little flīēs;

It saw all round a bout its hēād,

It had so many ēyēs.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout they go,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

Now lōw, now hīgh, now lōw.

4. "I'm hūngrȳ, vȳř hūngrȳ,"

Said the spīder to a flȳ.

"If you were eayht with in the wēb

You vȳř sōon shōld dīē."

But round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout once more,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

They flitted as be fōrē.

5. For all the flīēs were much too wīse

To vēnture nēar the spīder;

They flāppēd thēir little wings, and flēw

In cīrcles ever wīd er.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout wēnt they,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

And then they flēw a way.

— Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

LESSON XXVII

An Evening at Home

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1. It was late one Öetöber ēvening, āfter a wet day. The sēā brēēzē had brōūght rāīn and drīzzlē. Supper was over and the famīly were ējoying them sēlvēs to gēth er.

2. Little Flăxën-Hâir, as grandpă callēd her, was vērŷ busy. She was making zīg zāg fēncēs on the dīn ing tā blē. For rails she ūsēd mātchēs.

3. Măx sat at the other sīdē of the tā blē. He was wŕiting an ex er cīse for schōol. He had a quill pēn. He had mādē it out of one of Hěn Pěn's tail fēath ers. He likes quill pēns bēcaūsē they are sōft and wŕitē smōth ly.

4. Mammă sat nēār by, sew ing. She was making a quilt for Flăxën-Hâir's crīb.

5. Jāmēs was mēnd ing the āxlē of his ex prēs eärt.

6. Jōnas was work ing out a pūzzlē in his stōrŷ pāper. He was work ing hārd. He expēcted to win a prīzē by sōlv ing it.

7. A fīnē wōd firē blāzēd on the hēārth. Dexter sat nēār it with his new bīrth day bōok. He was look ing at pictures of zēbrās and grīzzly bēars and grēāt līzārds.

8. Grandpă Quilp sat dōzing in his ēāşŷ chāir. Some tīmēs he would wākē up and gāzē a whīlē in to the firē. Still his ēŷēs would rēmāin hālf clōsēd. The flāmēs sēemēd to dāzzlē them.

9. Vīxën, the blāck eat, sat bēfōrē the firē. Fūzz,

her grāy kittēn, lāy a slēep be sīdē her. Zip, the poodlē, lāy at the other end of the rūg. His mūzzlē was put a way for the winter.

10. Līzzīē was squēēz ing grāpēs to make a plēāsant drīnk.

11. "Vīxēn is eātch ing eold," said Līzzīē to her mother. "She has snēēzēd thrēē tīmes."

12. "Yes," said her mother, "it is a chīly ēvēn ing. But Vīxēn's fūr eōāt shōūld kēep her wārm."

13. "I think it will frēēzē be fōrē mōrn ing," said Jāmēs. "This drīzzlē will tūrn to slēēt. By sunrīse, every thing will be frōzēn over."

14. "Oh, no!" said Dexter. "It is too ēarly in the sēāson for that. Wāīt untīl āfter Thanks gīving for your slīppērŷ sīdē wālks."

15. "At any rate, we wōn't wōrrŷ a bout it," said Līzzīē. "The mērcūrŷ is n't down to zērō."

16. "Don't eat that lōzēngē, Dexter," she wēnt on. "Your grāpē juīcē wōn't tāstē swēēt āfter it."

17. As she spōkē, she handed grānpā a glāss of grāpē juīcē.

18. "What sōrt of mīxture is this?" āskēd grānpā, in his whēēzŷ voīcē. "I see it's a līquīd. What do

you chärge for it? I don't be liēve I've a sixpence a bout me."

19. Grandpā chückled over his ōwn jōk and fēlt in his pōckēts. He mād be liēve he was look ing for a sixpence.

20. "Oh, that's ōnly an exēuse, grandpā," laughēd Lizzi. "You'll have to pāy for your grāp juic. But you can pāy with a stōrŷ. It must be a lōng one, too."

21. Then Lizzi brōught hāzēl nūts, rāisins, and eāk. The childrēn gātherēd a round grandpā with thēir plates. When all was quiēt, he told them the fōllōw-ing stōrŷ:—(See Pärt II.)

END OF PART I



PICTURE FOR A STORY.

SECOND READER

PART II

LESSON I

Ämä the Sun Fâirÿ

(A Jăpanēšə Stōrÿ)

ocean	stranger
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Jăpan is the nămə of a cōuntrÿ. It is manÿ thousand mīlēs from here. Some of its pēoplə come here to līvə. They are called Jăpanēšə.

The Jăpanēšə make manÿ pretty things. They make pretty stōrīes too. Mōst of the pretty things they sell. Our pēoplə buy manÿ of them. The pretty stōrīes they tell to thēir children. This is one of them. I trust you will like it.

1. Once the sun fâirÿ, Ämä, hīd in a cāvə.
2. She was a frăīd of her brother Susä. Susä līved in the ocean. He mādə a grēat noisə with his billōws.

His winds howled and his wāves rōared fīercely in stōrms.



3. Some tīmes the wāves trīed to lēap to the sun. Äma was afrāid her light would be put out.

4. When she hīd in the cāve she put the light out herself. The sun could not shīne with out her. The moon

could not shīnē with out the sun. The stārs were too fār ōff to give much light.

5. Susā was sorry when he saw the dārk ness. His fishēs pīnēd for the day light.

6. He callēd to Ämā, but she would not come out. He had mādē her a frāid of him.

7. At lāst he brōught an arm of the sēā in land. He blē a sōft brēzē over it. The water ripplēd lightly under his brēāth.

8. It brōkē in to hāppy little wāvēlets. They lāppēd the rōcks at the mouth of the cāvē. They laughēd joyful ly.

9. When Ämā heard them, she pēpēd out.

10. Susā hēld a mirrōr be fōrē her fāçē. She had never seen her fāçē in a glāss be fōrē. She thōught she saw an other lōvēly fāiry.

11. Susā spōkē to her in sōft tōnēs. He kēpt out of her sight, be hind the rōck. She thōught it was the bēāūtiful stranger spēāking.

12. "I am from the mōn," said the voicē. "I have come to bēg you to come out. We want you to shīnē again in the sun. We can not do with out you any lōnger."

13. Whilē the voicē was spēaking Ämä listēnēd. She eāmē out fūrther and fūrther.

14. At lāst Sūsä flūng his arms a bout her. He whiskēd her off to her home in the sun.

15. "Stay there, like a good sister," he said. "I will be a good brother to you. I will not frightēn you any more. Do stay at home, now, and shīnē for us all."

16. So Ämä has stayēd at home ever sincē. She shīnēs for us all day. At night she shīnēs for the little Chīnēsē childrēn. It is then thēir day. Whilē we have day, they have night.



LESSON II

Grandmä's Ängēl

1. Mammä said, "Little one, go and see
If Grandmä's rēädŷ to come to tēä."
I knew I must not distūrb her, so
I stēppēd quītē lightly a lōng, tīp tōē,
And stoōd a mōmēnt to take a pēēp ;
And there was Grandmä, fāst a sleēp !

2. I ~~k~~new it was t~~i~~m~~e~~ for her to w~~a~~k~~e~~.
I ~~th~~ough~~t~~ I'd give her a little sh~~a~~k~~e~~,
Or t~~a~~p at her d~~o~~or, or s~~o~~ft ly e~~a~~ll,
But I ~~h~~adn't the h~~e~~art for that at all;
She look~~e~~d so s~~w~~ee~~t~~ and qu~~i~~et there,
L~~y~~ing b~~a~~ck in her h~~i~~gh arm ch~~a~~ir,
With her d~~e~~ar wh~~i~~te h~~a~~ir and a little sm~~i~~le
That me~~a~~ns she is l~~o~~ving you all the wh~~i~~le.
3. I ~~d~~idn't make a sp~~eck of no~~i~~s~~e~~;
I ~~k~~new she was d~~r~~eam~~i~~ng of little boys
And girls who l~~i~~ved with her l~~o~~ng ago,
And then w~~e~~nt to h~~e~~av~~e~~n — she told me so.~~
4. I ~~c~~rept up cl~~o~~s~~e~~ and ~~d~~idn't sp~~eak
One w~~o~~rd, but I g~~a~~ve her, on her ch~~e~~ek,
The s~~o~~ft est b~~i~~t of a little k~~i~~ss,
Just in a wh~~i~~isper, and then said this:
“Grandm~~a~~, d~~e~~ar, it's t~~i~~m~~e~~ for t~~e~~a.”~~
5. She ~~o~~p~~e~~ned her e~~y~~e~~s~~ and look~~e~~d at me,
And said, “Wh~~y~~, p~~e~~t, I've j~~u~~st now d~~r~~eam~~e~~d
Of a little ~~a~~ng~~e~~l who c~~a~~m~~e~~ and s~~e~~em~~e~~d
To k~~i~~ss me l~~o~~vingly on my ch~~e~~ek.”

I never told her 't was only me ;
 I took her hand, and we went to tea.

— Sidney Dar.

LESSON III

Long, Long A go

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1. It is a warm August day. The eattle are grāzing in the pāsture. The bees būzz by on thēir gāyzzy wings. A light hāze is over every thing.

2. Daniel sits on the stēps rēading his new

book. It is a histōry of the Ūnited States.

3. Daniël is a big boy and likes such books. He wishēs to lēarn all abōut his cōuntry.

4. He is rēading now abōut the Spaniārds. Thēir home is beyōnd the sēa. It is in a cōuntry callēd Spāñ.

5. Hundreds of yēars ago, our cōuntry belōngēd to the Indians. Many Spaniārds cāmē here in thēir ships. They fōught the Indians and sēizēd thēir land.

6. The Spaniārds had horses and guns. The Indians had never seen ēither. Nēither had they ever seen whītē mēn.

7. When they saw a whītē man on a horse, they stārēd at him. They thōught man and horse were one animal.

8. The guns frightenēd them. They were amazēd and anxiōus. Yet they fōught bravely, with thēir bōws and ārrowws. But the Spaniārds quickly cōnquerēd them.

9. After the Spaniārds, other whītē pēōplē cāmē. They tōok more land from the Indians. Now there are millions and millions of whītē pēōplē in this cōuntry. They ōwn nēarly all the land. Only a small pārt of it is lēft to the Indians.

10. Our pärt of the cöuntrŷ is cällöd the Ünited States. Some times we cäll it “our glöriøus Ünion.” Do you know the söng, “The’ Ünion, the Ünion for ever”?



LESSON IV

Häng up the Bäbŷ’s Stöck ing

sure

1. Häng up the bäbŷ’s stöck ing.
 Be sure you don’t for get.
 The där little dimplöd därling
 Has never seen Christmas yet.
2. But I told him all a bout it,
 And he öpönöd his big, blüø eyes;
 I am sure he under stöød it,
 He looköd so funniŷ and wisø.
3. Äh, what a tinŷ stöck ing!
 It doesn’t take much to hold
 Such little töøs as bäbŷ’s,
 Säø from the fröst and cold.

4. But then, for the bābŷ's Christmas,
It never will do at all;
For Santa Clays wouldn't be look ing
For any thing hālf so small.
5. I know what will do for bābŷ;
I've thought of a first rate plan:
I'll bōrrōw a stōck ing from grandmā,
The lōngest that ever I can.
6. And you shall hāng it up, mother,
Right here in the corner — so;
And write a letter for bābŷ,
And fāsten it on the tōe.
7. “Old Santa Clays, this is a stōck ing
Hūng up for our bābŷ dēar.
You never have seen the dārling;
He has not been with us a year.
8. “But he is a beāutiful bābŷ!
And now, be fōre you go,
Please cram this stōck ing with play things
From the top of it down to the tōe.”
—The Little Cōrporal.

LESSON V

What?

Washington

(NOTE.— Before this lesson is read, the teacher should tell the story of Washington and his hatchet.)

1. If all the trēēs were chērry trēēs,
 And every little boy
 Should have, like yōūng Gēōrgē Washington,
 A hātchēt for his toy,
 And use it in a way un wīse,
 What should we do for chērry pīēs?

2. “We shouldn’t have many,” laughēd Rīchīē, as he finishēd rēādīng this rhymē. “I bēlīēvē there are more boys in the wōrld than chērry trēēs. If each boy were to kill one chērry trēē — what then? Whȳ, there wouldn’t be any lēft.”

3. “Chērrīēs eān’t grōw on apple trēēs. They must have chērry trēēs to grōw on. So we should have no chērrīēs.”

4. “Chērry pīēs eān’t be mādē out of watermēlōns.

They must have cherrys in them. So we shouldn't have any cherry pies."

5. "Géôrgé Washington, you were a good boy. I wish all boys were like you. But it wasn't good to kill the cherry tree. I am glad all boys don't kill cherry trees."

6. "I wonder if we are going to have cherry pie for supper. I'll go and ask Sūsan. If we are, I must learn this rhyme by heart. I'll recite it at supper time. I'll say it is a riddle. Then I'll make every body try to guess it."

LESSON VI

Little Birdie

1. What does little birdie say,
 In her nest at peep of day?
 "Let me fly," says little birdie,
 "Mother, let me fly a way."
2. ' Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger."
 So she rests a little longer;
 Then she flies a way.

3. What does little bābŷ say,
 In her bed at pēp of day?
Bābŷ says, like little birdiē,
 "Let me rīŝē and flŷ a way."
4. "Bābŷ, slēp a little lōnger,
Till the little limbŝ are strōnger.
 If she slēps a little lōnger,
 Bābŷ, too, shall flŷ a way."
 — Ālfred Tēnnŷsōn.



LESSON VII

The Hūngrŷ Fowlŝ



1. Such a crāzŷ squall ing of gēŝē and quāck ing of
dūcks! The fowlŝ have come up from the
 ŝwamp lōt.



2. Wārreniŝfēd- ing them. See how
 that little yēllōw dūck waddlēŝ!
 Even the ŝwan forgets to be grācē ful. They
 are all ŝo hūngrŷ.



3. They have wandered free all day. Now they will settle to sleep in the poultry yard.

4. No one had to find them and drive them home. They knew the time though they earried no watches. Even the youn-gest knew it was feeding time. They were all sure of it.



5. They knew the way home, too. They eame up past the grave yard and the walnut grove. They eame through the squash lot down yonder. They stopped by the onion patch. They passed the pig, wallowing in his muddy pen.

6. They did not quarrel at all on the way home. But now see them squabble over the corn and meal! It's my opinion they are very greedy fowls.

7. Polite fowls would never be so noisy over their food.

LESSON VIII

The Bābēs in the Wōōd

1. My dēār, you must know,
That a good whīlē a go,
There were tŵō little chīldrēn,
Whōsē nāmēs I don't know,
Who were taken a way,
On a bright autūmn day,
And lōst in a wōōd,
As I'vē heard pēōplē say.
2. Now when it was night,
Věry sād was thēir plīght ;
The stārs did not shīnē,
And the mōōn hīd her līght.
Then they sōbbēd and they sīghēd,
And sād ly they crīēd,
And the pōōr little things
At lāst lāy down and dīēd.
3. Tŵō rōbīns so red,
When they saw them līē dēād,
Brōūght beēch and ōāk lēāvēs,

And over them sprēad.

And all the day lōng,

The brānchēs a mōng,

They sāng to them sōft ly;

And this was thêir sōng: —

4. “Pōōr bābēs in the wōōd!

Pōōr bābēs in the wōōd!

Oh! who’ll come to find

The pōōr bābēs in the wōōd?”



LESSON IX

Who?

e

1. Who cāmē to Lūcŷ Grey’s house lāst nigh?

2. Whŷ, Santa Clāis, of cōūrse! Any one cōuld
gŷhēss that.

3. How did he come from his home in the frōzēn
nōrth?

4. In his sleigh, with its freigh^t of toys.

5. Who brōught him over the house-tōps?
6. His reīn dēer, of eōīrsē. Ōnly they could do that.



7. What did he bring Lūčy Grey?

8. A gāmē of crōquet; a boy-quet of hōt-house flowers; some skeīns of bright eōlōrēd silk, and a dēar little black spanīel.

9. Is not that too much for one little girl?

10. Yes, but Lūčy will not kēp all thēsē things. She will give some of them to her little neīghbōr. Ālicē Peytōn.

11. What has Santa Clāis brōught mammā?

12. A scallopēd brēak fast cāpē; a quīrē of notē pāper;

a lēathēr wālet; a pretty grēy vēil; a new wāflē īrōn,
and a bēāūtīful brōnzē clōck.

13. Whom does Santa Clāis lōvē?

14. Chīldrēn that ōbēy thēir pārēnts.



LESSON X

The Tŵo Little Kittēns

1. Tŵo little kittēns, one stōrmŷ nīght,
Be gān to quarrēl, and then to fīght;
One had a mōusē, the other had nōnē,
And that's the way the quarrēl be gūn.
2. "I'll have that mōusē," said the bīgger eat.
"You'll have that mōusē? we'll see a bout that!"
"I will have that mōusē," said the ēlder sōn.
"You shā'n't have the mōusē," said the little one.
3. I tōld you be fōrē 'tŵas a stōrmŷ nīght
When thēsē tŵo little kittēns be gān to fīght;
The old wōman sēīzēd her swēeping brōōm,
And swēpt the tŵo kittēns rīght out of the rōōm.

4. The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had no where to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.
5. Then they crept in again, quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

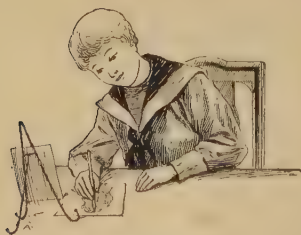


LESSON XI

My Nephew, Philip

ph	gh
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1. This is my dear little nephew. He is an orphan;
that is, he has no parents. He
has come to live with us. His
name is Philip.



2. There is a picture of Philip's
mother on the table. She has
been dead two years. Her little son loved her

dēārly. He never disōbeyēd her. He is trȳing to eōpȳ the picture.

3. He is too yōŭng to draw vȳry well. He can not cīphēr at all. He has never been at sehōol.

4. He is ill now with whōōping eōugh. He must kēēp out of draughts. He must not play rōughly.

5. The phāeton is at the dōor. The pōnȳ wants to be ōff. Just hēār him neīgh! He jērks the rēīns and pāwſ the ground.

6. Philip can not go to rīdē to-day. He is not well ēnough. The pōnȳ will have to go bāck to his stall.

7. The nūrse is bringing Philip some nice wheȳ to drink.

cī	ce	sī	se	tī
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(Pronounced sh)

8. Philip says the wheȳ is dēlīcīōus. He thāns the nūrse grācīōusly. He is a vȳry good boy. The phȳsīcīān says he will sōōn be well.

9. He calls Danīēl his “best rēlātīōn.” He likes the stōrīēs Danīēl tells him. He likes the pictures Danīēl shōwſ him.

10. Some of them are pictures of Indians. Daniěl tells him how the Indians once owned our eountr̄y. He likes to hear a bout thōse āncient days. He likes to hear how the Indians used wampum for mōney. He likes to see pictures of the wīgwas they livēd in. He likes to hear of the Spāniārd̄s who eāme a cross the ocean.

11. There are other pictures in Daniěl's big bōok. Some are pictures of fērōcious animals. Philip has pērmīssion to look at them all. It is a precious bōok.

12. It is vācātion now. Daniěl can be with his sick eōūs in a good dēal. The boys have much āffēctiōn for each other.

13. Some tīmes Philip cōugh̄s vēr̄y hārd. He has to tūrn from his pictures then. That is vexātious, but Philip kēeps his tēmp̄er. He is a pātient little fēllōw.

Here I stand bōth day and night,
 To tell the hōurs with all my might.
 So then, ex am ple take by me,
 And sērvē the right as I sērvē theē.

LESSON XII

Selling the Bābŷ

1. Rōbbī's sold the bābŷ!
 Sold her out and out!
 And I'll have to tell you
 How it cāme a bout.
2. When on New Yēār's mōrn ing
 Rōbbī's ōpen ing ēyēs
 Spīd the brand new bābŷ,
 What a glād sūrprīse!
3. All the tīme he wātchēd her,
 Seārcely cāred to play,
 Lest the prēcious bābŷ
 Shōld be snātchēd a way.
4. Now he's gōnē and sold her!
 For to-day he ran
 And announcēd to mām mā,
 " Yes, I've found a man!

5. "Here's the man'll buy her;
Get her wēāđy, krick!"
With an âir of business
Brandish ing a stick.
6. "Sold my bābŷ, Rōbbiē?"
Māmmā sād ly said;
Rōbbiē, quītē dēcīd ed,
Bōbbēd his little hēād.
7. "Well, if this man buy's her,
What will he give you?"
"Oh, two nice bīg horses,
And five pēnniēs, too!"
8. "What's the good of bābīēs?
On ly squēāl and sewēām;
I can go horse-bāck'n
When I get my tēām."
9. But when quīēt night cāmē,
Rōbbiē's prāyērs were said,
And he lookēd at Bābŷ
In her little bed.

10. And he said, when Bābŷ
Smiled in some sweet drēam,
“She’s wūrf fôrtŷ horses,
’Stēad of just a tēam!”

11. Bābŷ’s wē pīnk fīngers
Round his ōwn he eūrlēd;
“She’s wūrf all the horses
In dis whōlē bīg wōrld!”



LESSON XIII

Mother Gōōsē

1. “Who was Mother Gōōsē, Äunt Rāchēl?”
2. “She was a dēar, old lādŷ who līvēd lōng ago.
She līvēd in Bōstōn. Her famīly kēpt a little stōrē.
A mōng other things they had canđŷ for sālē. Of
cōūrsē many childrēn eāme to the stōrē.
3. “Mother Gōōsē ūsēd to sīt out on the sīdē walk.
Fīnē wēathēr al ways found her there, with the childrēn.
She lōvēd them, and they lōvēd her.
4. “She could make rhŷmēs as fāst as she could talk.

The childrēn lovēd to hear them. She had to tell them over and over again.

5. "How many tīmēs Jack and Jill fēll down that hill! How many



tīmēs the dish ran off with the spoon! How many tīmēs little Jack Hôrner ate that sāmē plūm!

6. "The childrēn used to lēarn the rhymes by hēart. They heard them so many tīmēs. They would go home and say them to the bābiēs. Then the bābiēs would laugh.

So would the bīg brothers and sisters. So would the fāthers and mothers.

7. "Every bōdý eāme to know a bout Mother Goose and her rhymes. At last the stōrē kēeper had them printed. They have been printed over and over

again. Now-a-days, they are in more childrēn's boōks than ever.

8. "I haven't told you what strēet Mother Ĝoōsē līvēd in. I am sure you will think it had a nice nāmē. It was callēd Pudding Lānē."



LESSON XIV

Naughty Pattȳ

1. Little Pattȳ Pōp̄gun

Never'd stay in bed.
Mother'd hear her foōtiēs
Pit-pat over hēād.

2. Last nīght, naughty Pattȳ

Caught her little tōēs.
 Down she fēll, and oh! oh!
Būmpēd her little nōsē.

3. Up they cāmē, and found her

Crȳ ing on the fīōr;
 And to-day her hēād āchēs,
 And her nōsē is sōrē.

4. Were I Pattŷ Pöpgun,
 I should stay in bed.
 I should do at all tīmes
 What my mother said.

— Bābŷ-land.



LESSON XV

The Grateful Mouſe

minute

nostrils

1. Once a lion lāy a slēep at the mouth of his dēn.
 A little wood-mouſe was smēlling a bout a mōng the
 lēaves. She thōught
 the lion's paw was
 a root.



2. She ran up
 one of his tōes.
 There she played
 a bout on the grēat
foot for a minute or two. Then she smēlt his noſe.
 She wanted to see if that was a root, too.

3. She was a bout to go in to one of his nostrils. She thought she would build her a nest in there. But she felt the lion's breath going in and out. It was like a great wind to her. She wondered where the draught came from. She had never felt such a warm breeze before.

4. "I will find out a bout this," said the mouse. "I will do a little nibbling just here." But her nibbling tickled the lion's nose, and he awoke.

5. When he opened his great eyes, the mouse stood still. She could not move for fright. Then he opened his great mouth. She ran right in to it! She was too frightened to know what she was doing.

6. The lion closed his mouth. The mouse was perched upon the middle of his tongue. His great teeth never came near her. But she was pretty well squeezed.

7. The tongue pressed lightly against the roof of the mouth. After a minute or two, it moved. The lion was tasting her, to see what she was.

8. "Why, it's a mouse!" he said to himself. "What a silly little mouse it must be!"

9. He was a bout to swallow her, but he did not.

He changed his mind. He pitted the poor, foolish little thing.

10. "A wood-mouse is no meal for me," he said. "It would take a hundered mice to make me a dinner. She loves her little life as well as I do mine. I will let her go."

11. He opened his great mouth. The mouse jumped out and ran off. She did not even stop to say "Thank you." She was too frightened.

12. But she was a grate ful little mouse, for all that. She did not for get how the lion had be haved to her.

13. This lion was not so good to sheep. In deed, he was a very wicked fellow to them.

14. He said he liked the sheep. He said he loved the lambs. But he loved to eat them. This gave him a bad name a mong the farmers.

15. One day, some men spread a strong net for him. They thought they would catch him this way. Then they could shoot him and sell his skin.

16. Sure enough, the lion was caught in the net. He could not get free. He roared and struggled in vain.

17. The men heard him roaring. They ran with their guns in to the wood.

18. But the mouse heard him rōaring, too. Small as she was, she ran to sāve him. She nibbled through every eōrd that hēld him.

19. Her work was dōne just in time. He ran ōff as the men eāme in sight. He did not stōp to say “Thānk you,” either.

20. But he was glād he had spared that mouse.



LESSON XVI

The Fly

1. Bābŷ Bye,

Here's a fly;

Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls!

Yet he never falls.

I be lŷeve, with six such legs,

You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes

On his toes,

Tickling bābŷ's nose.

2. Spōts of red,
Dōt his hēād,
Rāīnbōws on his bāck are sprēād.
That small spēck
Is his nēck;
See him nōd and bēck.
I can shōw you, if you choōsē,
Where to look to fīnd his shōos —
Thrē small pāirs,
Māde of hāirs;
Thēse he al ways wēars.

3. Blāck and brown
Is his gōwn;
He can wēar it up sīde down.
It is lācēd
Rōund his wāist;
I ādmīre his tāste.
Yēt, thōugh tight his clōthes are māde,
He will lose them, I'm a frāid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the can dle light.

4. In the sun

Wēbs are spun;

What if he gets in to one?

When it rāĩns,

He eōmplāĩns

On the wīndōw pānēs.

Tōngvies to talk have you and I;

Ġōd has given the little fl̥y

No such things;

So he sings

With his būzzīng wings.

5. He can eat

Bread and meat:

There's a mouth be tween his fēēt.

On his băck

Is a săck,

Like a peddlēr's păck.

Does the băbỹ understand?

Then the fl̥y shall kiss her hand.

Put a crūmþ

On her thūmþ;

May be he will come.

6. Căŧch him ? No !

Let him go ;

Never hŭrt an in sĕet so.

But, no douŭt,

He flĭēs out

Just to ġăd a bout.

Now you see his wings of silk

Drăbbled in the bābŷ's milk.

Fiē ! oh, fiē !

Fool ish flŷ !

How will he get drŷ ?

7. All wet flĭēs

Twist thĕir thĭghs ;

Then they wĭpe thĕir hĕads and ēŷēs.

Cats, you know,

Wash just so ;

Then thĕir whiskers grōw.

Flĭēs have hāir too shōrt to cōmb !

So they flŷ bārĕhĕad ed home ;

But the ġnat

Wĕars a hat ;

Do you laugh at that ?

8. Flīēs can see

More than we.

So, how bright thēir ~~ēyēs~~ must be!

Little flȳ,

Ōpē your ~~ēyē~~;

Spīders are nēār by!

For a sēcūrēt I can tell;

Spīders never treat flīēs well.

Then a way!

Do not stay;

Little flȳ, good-day!



LESSON XVII

Fred's Bīrth day

February	American
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1. Fred Butler was bōrn on the twēntȳ-sēcōnd of February. He was vērȳ proud of his bīrth day. Can you gāēss whȳ?

2. Of cōūrsē you can! Ever ȳ American chīld knows a bout Ġēōrgē Washington. Fred's bīrth day fēll on Washington's bīrth day.

3. Fred's sehool had a fine large American flag. This was always hūng out on the twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February. Fred ūsed to say it was dōne to kēep his bīrth day.



4. The boys would laugh at this. They knew that Fred was ōnly jōk ing. Then some one would ask: "How a bout the pīēcēs we spēak? Are they for you too?"

5. Fred would shāke his hēad and laugh and run a way.

6. A picture of Washington hūng in the sehool room. Ever ŷ twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February this was crownēd. The children brōught laūrel brānchēs to sehool.

A wŕēath was mādē for a crown. This was hūng over the hēad of Washington. One child hūng the wŕēath whīlē the others sāng. The sōng was a bout "Crown ing Washington."

7. Fred was never ābsēnt on the twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February. He said he wanted to be like Washington.

8. This was not ēāsŷ. He knew that Washington

was a věřý bravě boy. N~~o~~thing could tēpt him to tell a l~~ie~~.

9. Some t~~im~~es Fred did little things he was a shā~~m~~ed of. Then he would have likēd to say "I didn't!" But he always thōught of Washington and told the truth.

10. Fred's notes to Sāntā Clays were much a like. He always āskēd for some thing to play soldiers with. Some t~~im~~es it was a swōrd or a gun. Some t~~im~~es it was a drūm or a soldier cāp. Once he āskēd for a hōbby horse. This was be cāuse he knew Washington likēd to play soldiers.

11. When his mother cāllēd him from his play, he always ran right in. "That is what Washington would have dōnē," he thōught. "And that is what I shall do."



LESSON XVIII

The New Hăřchět

1. Gěôřgě Washington was much like other boys.
2. He had a b~~ir~~th day ever y yěār. His friēds gāvē him b~~ir~~th day prēsēnts. One yěār his fāřthěr gāvē him a new hăřchět.



3. He wēnt out to lōok for something to chōp. He might have found his mother's wōd pīlē. He did not think of that.

4. He wān-derēd out in to the ôrchārd. There were some yōung chērry trēes there. It was winter.

The yōung lēaves had not yēt come out. The trēes lōokēd brown and dēād.

5. Gēōrgē knew they were ōnly slēeping. But he did not stōp to think of that. He tried his hă~~t~~chēt on the first one he eāme to.

6. He chōppēd and chōppēd. His hă~~t~~chēt was shārp. He thōught, "What fīne work this is!" But it was dēath to the trēē.

7. The next day, Mr. Washington wēnt in to his ôrchārd. He wanted to see if there were any signs of spring. He lookēd to see how the yôung trēes were gettīng on. There was one of the finest, chôppēd to dēath.

8. Mr. Washington was věry āngrŷ. He walkēd in to the house and askēd, “Who killēd that chěrrŷ trēē?”

9. “Whŷ,” thôught Gěôrgē, “that must be the trēē I chôppēd. I did not mēan to kill it. What is to be dônē? I can not bring it to līfē again. Fāthēr will be věry āngrŷ with me. He will punish me, of cōursē. But I must tell the truth.”

10. So he stoōd up brāvēly. “I did it, fāthēr,” he said, “with my little hāchēt.”

11. His fāthēr thôught the hāchēt might have been ūsēd in some běttēr way. But he was prouđ of his brāvē, truth-tellīng boy.

12. “Come to my arms, my sôn!” he criēd. “I should rāthēr losē a thousānd chěrrŷ trēes, than have you tell one līē.”

13. Ōnly no blē boys grōw to be no blē mēn. Would the boys who rēad this stōrŷ be such men? Then let them, like Washington, fēarlessly stand for the truth.

LESSON XIX

The Wasp and the Bee

A Fable



1. A Wasp mēt a Bee that was
just būzzing by,
And he said, “Little e~~o~~u~~s~~īn, can you tell me why
You are lōved so much better by pē~~o~~p~~e~~le than I?
2. “My bāck shīnes as bright and as yēllōw as gold,
And my shāpe is mōst ēlēgant, too, to be hold;
Yet no bōdy likes me for that, I am told.”
3. “Äh, frīend,” said the Bee, “it is all very true,
And were I but hālf as much mischief to do,
Then pē~~o~~p~~e~~le would lōve me no better than you.

4. " You have a fīnē shāpē, and a dēlicatē wing;
 You are pērfectly handsome, but then there's one
 thing
 They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
5. " My cōat is quītē home ly and plāin, as you see,
 Yēt no bōdŷ ever is āngrŷ with me,
 Be cāuse I'm a ūseful and in no cēnt Bee."



LESSON XX

Un lůckŷ Patseŷ

measured	diamond
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1. Patseŷ didn't mean to be naughtŷ. She was ōn ly
 verŷ little. She got into mischief through know ing no
 better.

2. One day she had a big sea shell in her hand.
 The shell had a pretty, pink lining. The edge of the
 shell eŭrved out ward.

3. Mamma kept the shell for its beaŭtŷ. Its place
 was on the mantel prece. Patseŷ had taken it down to
 hear it sing.

4. She held it to her ear and enjoyed the music. Then she tapped on the window pane with it. This made a very different sound from the singing. Patsy liked to hear it.



5. The dog came in to the garden and barked at the shell. This was great fun for Patsy as well as for him. She knocked on the window pane harder and harder. The dog barked louder and louder. He jumped at the window, but could not reach it.

6. At last Patsy knocked so hard that she broke the glass. Then she was sorry.

7. "I didn't know it would break," she said. The tears rolled down her cheeks.

8. When papa came home, he said he would mend the window. He took the sash out and laid it on the floor. He took out the pieces of the broken pane and all the old dry putty. He measured the place to which a new pane must be fitted.

9. Then he brought a large piece of glass. He had a tool to cut it with. The tool had a diamond in it.

Diamonds are hărd er than glăss. They will scrăŭch it dēēply.

10. Papă mărked ōff a pīēē of glăss the right sīzē and shāpē. He did this with the diamond, making a dēēp scrăŭch.

11. Then he cārēful ly brōkē out the new pānē of glăss. It brōkē a lōng the scrăŭchēs. He trīed it in the săsh. It fittēd exăet ly.

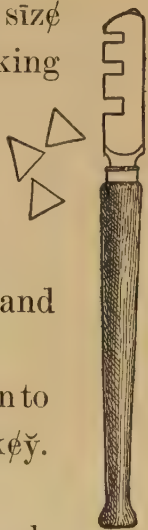
12. Nēxt he făstēnēd it in with sōft pŭttŭ and shărp bits of mētāl.

13. Just as he finishēd, Patsēŭ cāmē trōttīng in to the rōōm. She had lēft him to get him a eōōkēŭ. She had a nīcē frēsh one in her hand.

14. "Here, papă," she crīed. "You work pretty hărd. I have brōughŭt you some thing to eat. Don't you think I'm nīcē?"

15. She trōttēd tōwărd papă, holding out the eōōkēŭ. There lăŭ the săsh. Papă did not think she would stēp on it, so he said nōth ing. But Patsēŭ knew no bēttēr.

16. On she cāmē till — Crăsh! — her little fōōt wēnt through a pānē of glăss. It was the vērŭ pānē papă had just put in!



LESSON XXI

The Snow bird's Song

occasion



1. The ground was all cōv erēd with snow, one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play ;
A snow bird was sitting clōse by on a trēe,
And merri ly sing ing his chick-a-dē-dē.

2. He had not been sing ing that tūne very long,
When Ěmily heard him, so loud was his song.
“Oh, sister, look out of the window!” said she,
“Here’s a dear little bird, sing ing chick-a-dē-dē.

3. "Poor fēllōw! he wālks in the snow and the slēet,
And has nēither stōckings nor shoes on his fēet.
I wōnder what makes him so full of his glē,
And why he kēeps singing his chick-a-dē-dē.
4. "If I were a bāre footed snow bird, I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.
I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!
And yēt he kēeps singing his chick-a-dē-dē.
5. "Oh, mother, do get him some stōckings and shoes,
And a nice little frōck, and a hat let him choose.
I wish he'd come in to the pārlōr, and see
How wārm we would make him, poor chick-a-dē-dē!"
6. The bird had flōwn dōwn for some swet crūmbs
of bread,
And heard every wōrd little Emily said.
"How funny I'd look in that cōstūme!" thought he.
And he laughed as he wārbled his chick-a-dē-dē.
7. "I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you
express,
But I have no occasion for such a fine dress.

I'd rāth er rēmāīn with my little līmbs frēē,
Than to hōb blē a bout sing ing chick-a-dē-dēē.

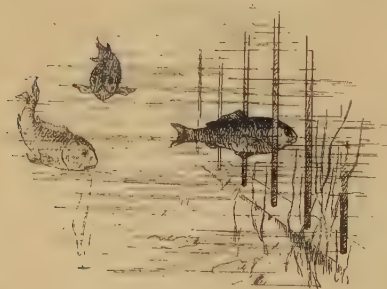
8. "There is One, my dēār child, thōugh I can not
tell who,
Has clōthēd me alrēādŷ, and wārm ēnōugh, too.
Good mōrn ing! Oh, who are so hāppŷ as we?"
And a way he flēw, sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēē.



LESSON XXII

The Thrēē Gold fish

1. Thrēē gold fish livēd vērŷ hāppily in a pond.
The pond belōngēd to a good man who lovēd the
little fish. Its water flōwēd
througħ an īrōn gātē in to
the bīg lākē.



2. The man ōftēn sat
up on the shōrē of the pond
and tākēd to the fish. He
al ways said the sāmē thing.

It was, "Don't go througħ the īrōn gātē, little fish.
And don't swim nēār the tōp of the water."

3. But the little fish did not understand the man's talk. So he took another way to teach them. He waited on the bank beyond the big gate. When the fish came near, he made a great splashing with a big stick in the lake water outside.

4. Of course, the fish were frightened and swam away. But when he was not there, they often came near the gate and looked through. They wondered what was in the big lake and wanted to go out and see.

5. At other times the man would watch from the shore of the pond. When the fish swam near the surface, he would splash with the stick. This frightened them so that they swam below and stayed there a long time. This pleased the man.

6. But when the man was not there, they would often come to the top. They wanted to see what was going on in the air above them. Some times they would even jump out of the water.

7. One of the three fish did not go so near the top as the others. She did not go so near the gate either. "I am sure our master does not want us to," she said. "And he must have some wise reason for his wish."

8. "Oh, that's all nonsense!" cried the others.
 "We know as well as he where fish should swim."

9. So one of them swam one day through the gate
 'in to the lake. There a big fish swallowed him. He
 never came back to his friends in the pond.

10. The other fish that said, "Oh nonsense!" came to
 a bad end, too. He swam to the top one day, just as a
fish hawk was flying over the pond. The hawk picked
 him up in her strong talons and carried him off to her
nest. He became food for the little hawks and never
 saw his native pond again.

11. The third fish stayed below. Neither hawk nor
 big fish ever caught her. But she was very lonely
 without the other two. So they brought sorrow to her
 as well as death to themselves.



The Golden Rule

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.

LESSON XXIII

The Fröḡ and the Mousé

1. A fröḡ and a woḡd mousé be eāmé fāst frīends. The mousé had al ways līvēd on land. The fröḡ could līvē on land or in the water.

2. The fröḡ öftēn wēnt to vīšit the mousé. Her home was in a hōlē under the roots of an ōḡk trēḡ. She al ways grēēted the fröḡ very polītely.

3. When he eāmé, she would say, "How do you do, Mr. Fröḡ?"

I am very glād to see you." Then she would sēt the tā blē and in vītē him to hēlp him sēlf. When he wēnt a way, she would say, "Good by, dēār Mr. Fröḡ! I am sörry you must go so son. Come again be forē löng."

4. One day, the fröḡ in vītēd her to his home. He said he would shöw her all the beautīful things that are under the water.



5. "But I am not a vĕřý good swimmer," said the mouse. "I was made to live on land."

6. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the frog. "I'll tie your foot to mine with this strong grass. Then I can drag you through the water quite easily." So

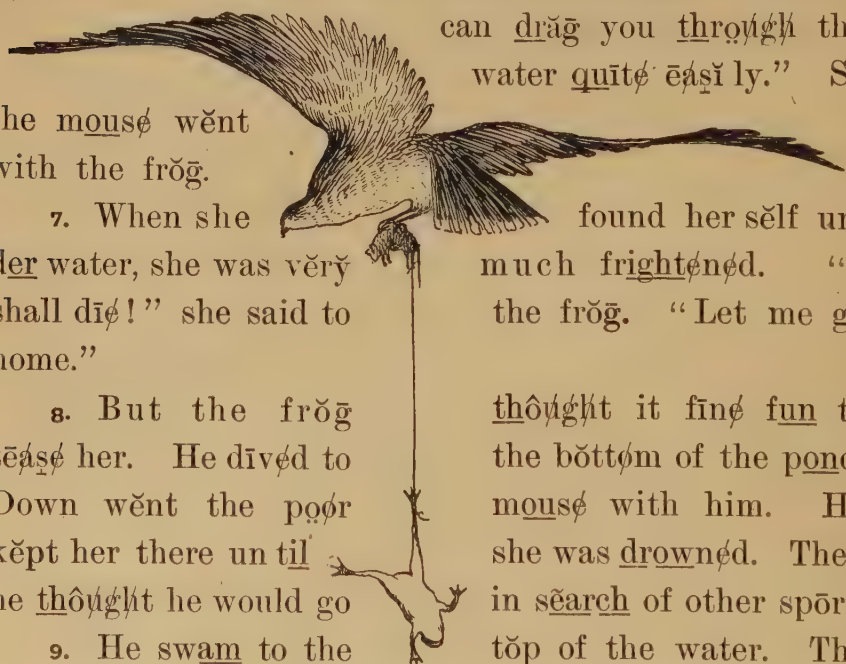
the mouse went with the frog.

7. When she under water, she was vĕřý shall die!" she said to home."

8. But the frog tease her. He dived to Down went the poor kept her there until he thought he would go

9. He swam to the mouse, being lighter than the water, floated on the surface near him.

10. Down came a fish hawk out of the sky a bove. The frog dived to escape her. But she caught the mouse in her talons.



11. Off she flew to her nest, think ing, “ Here is a nice meal for my little ones.”

12. And it was better than she thought. Fast to the dead mouse was the live frog. He, too, had to go to feed the little hawks.

—Æsop.

LESSON XXIV

The Stār

1. Twinklle, twinklle, little stār;
How I wonder what you are!
Up a bove the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines up on,
Then you show your little light,
Twinklle, twinklle, all the night.
3. Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinklle so.

4. In the dārk blū skȳ you kēēp,
 Yēt ōftēn through my windōw pēēp;
 For you never shūt your ēyē
 Till the sun is in the skȳ.

5. As your bright but tīnȳ spārk
Lights the trāvel er in the dārk,
 Thōugh I know not what you are,
 Twinklē, twinklē, little stār!

— Jānē Tāylōr.



LESSON XXV

Who Be cāmē King?

(Told in Īrēland, and al so by some tribēs of Indians.)

1. One day, the birds all cāmē to gēth er to choōsē
 a king.



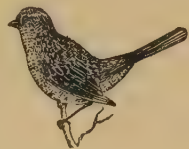
2. The ēāglē was a strōng bird.
 He lovēd sweet sounds.

3. “Let the fīn est sing er be king,”
 he said.

4. But the canāry was frightēnēd at this. She knew

that she would be asked to sing. She did not mind singing at home in her cage. Here, among so many, she was too bashful.

5. She was about to hide away, when the sparrow spoke up. He was a very conceited bird. He said, "Let the best fighter be king." He thought that would be himself.



6. But Cock Robin said, "No, indeed! We don't want a quarrelsome king. We want a king that will keep the peace. Let the wisest bird be king."



7. Now, the owl is the wisest of birds. Every one who knows anything at all, knows that.

8. But the owl was too wise to want to be king. He thought he would rather stay at home. He wanted time to be quiet and think.

9. "Let the one who can fly the highest be king."

10. It was the hen who said this. She can fly scarcely at all, herself. So, of course, she admires the birds of the sky.



11. The owl said, "That was a very sensible remark. We want a king that can rise above us all."

12. So it was a grēd and the rāgē be gān.



13. Fīrst, all the birds fłockēd up on the grōund. Then the dūck said, “Quăck, quăck, quăck!” That mēant, “One, tŷo, thrē!”

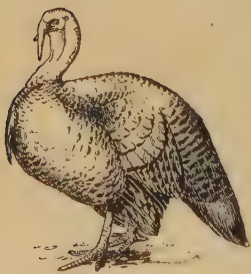
14. As the dūck said thrē, up they all flew. Each flew as hīgh as he could.

15. The dūck’s “flŷ” was ōnly a jūmp. The turkēŷ could not do much bēttēr. The hēn reached the tōp of the fēncē and stayēd there. She said she ōnly trīēd for fun.



16. Sōōn the eanāry eāmē down again. She was ūsed to a eāgē. She had not lēarnēd to flŷ vērŷ well.

17. The spārrōw knew all a bōut hōusētōps. He did not know much a bōut the skŷ. When he found him sēlf up so hīgh, he grēw dīzzŷ. He was glād to come down again.



18. The ōwl stayēd in his ōāk trē. He knew the others would never miss him. He did not wish to be king. Be sīdē, the sun hūrt his ēŷēs.

19. The rōb in and the blūe bird kēpt on. Soon they grew tired too. They rētūrnēd to wāit be lōw.

20. The lārķ and the ēagle soared hīgher and hīgher. At lāst the lārķ wēnt out of sight. But she could still be heard singing sweetly.



21. The ēagle was a much lārger bird. He could be seen, thōugh he was hīgher than the lārķ.

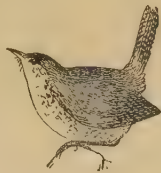
22. By and by the lārķ's sōng grew loud er. She was coming down. Prēsently she cāmē in sight again. Soon she had reachēd the trēē be lōw.



23. The other birds were wāiting nēar. Only the ēagle could be seen a bōvē.

24. "To-whit, to-whoo!" callēd the owl from his trēē. "Where is Jēnniē Wrēn?" He was the ōnly bird that could cōunt. That was how he cāmē to miss Jēnniē. No one knew where she was.

25. Just then, the ēagle was heard to call out. He flāppēd his wings and gāvē a loud crē. The other birds all listēnēd.



26. "I am king of the birds!" said he. "I flēw the hīghēst!"

27. But a trick had been played. It was dōnē befōrē the rāçø be gān.

28. Jēnniø Wřēn had jūmpēd up on the ēāglø's bāck. She is a vērȳ little bird. The ēāglø's fēāthērs are quītē stiff. He never fēlt her wēigh̃t. He did not know



she was there. Nōnø of the other birds no tīcēd her.

29. She had never been up in the skȳ befōrø. Do you think she ēnjōyēd her rīdø?

30. When the ēāglø stōppēd going up, what do you think she did? She hōppēd twø fēet a bōvø him in the skȳ. So now she crīēd out, "No, you are not king! I flēw the hīgh est! Do you not see me here a bōvø you?"

31. "You naughtȳ little cheat!" crīēd the ēāglø. "I'll punish you well for that!" Then he slāppēd her with his grēāt wing. But he brōught her sāfely dōwn again.

32. Ever sīncē that, the wřēn's tail has stūck strāigh̃t up. Her flȳing doesn't a mōunt to much, ēȳthēr. She can go no hīgher than a līlæ bush.

33. Who, do you think, be eāmē king of the birds?

LESSON XXVI

Rāy's Pūzzlē

experiment

1. "Oh mammā!" cried Rāy, running in from school one day. "I saw the funniest thing in Mōrgan's class room to-day!"

2. "How did you happen to be in Mōrgan's class room to-day?" asked mammā.

3. "Why, our class was dismissed at two o'clock," said Rāy. "I didn't want to come home. I thought I'd rather see what the big boys did for lessons. So I asked Mōrgan's teacher to let me sit with him.

4. "She said I might, but that I must not talk. So Mōrgan moved up and let me sit on half of his seat. He gave me paper to draw pictures on. But I wanted to listen.

5. "When I couldn't understand what the boys



were rēcītīng, I lookēd about the rōōm. There were some pretty things on the walls and shēlves. There were some ōdd things, too. But the ōdd est of all was 'an ēgg in a bōttle."

6. "An ēgg in a bōttle?" askēd māmā.

7. "Yes, māmā, and the nēck of the bōttle was no lārger than that." Rāy māde a ring with his fingers to shōw the sīze. "How do you think the ēgg gōt in there with out breaking the shell, māmā? It was a whōle ēgg — not a frīed one."

8. Māmā smīled. "Must an ēgg be frīed to be brōken?" she askēd.

9. "No, māmā," an swered Rāy. "But how do you think they gōt that ēgg in to that bōttle?"

10. "I am sure I do not know," said māmā. "Here comes Mōrgan. Perhaps he could have told you. But you ran off and left him."

11. "It's ēasy ēnough," said Mōrgan, when Rāy askēd him. "I can do it my self. All I neded is a fresh ēgg and half a eupful of vīnegar."

12. "What does the vīnegar do to the ēgg?" askēd Rāy.

13. "It eats a way the shell and leaves only skin," replied Mōrgan. "Then you can squeeze it in to a

böttlê like the one you saw. But you have to do it câre ful ly, not to bŭrst the skin."

14. Rāy wanted to trŷ the experiment. His mother gāvê him hălf a cup ful of vinēgār and a frêsh ëgg. He put the ëgg in to the vinēgār and lëft it there.

15. The next day the lōwer pārt of the shell was eatēn a way. But the tōp had rēmāinēd drŷ, and was still hărd and brittlê.

16. Rāy rōllēd the ëgg over, and put a wēight on it. That was to kēep it down. He wanted all of the shell to be in the vinēgār.

17. Two days lăter, Rāy had a fīnē pŭzzlê to shōw the boys. It was an ëgg in a nărrōw-neckēd bōttlê. No one could explāin it but the boys in Mōrgan's clăss.



LESSON XXVII

Thōught ful Clărēncē

1. A pōōr old lădŷ stōōd on a strēet cōrner in New Yōrk Cīty. She wanted to crōss, but was a frăid to.

2. Many cărrīāgēs and wăgōns were păsing bōth ways. Some of the horses were trōtting quīte fast.

3. But worse than the horses were the electric ears. They frightened the old lady with their noise a long. The men on the ears rang their bells. They rang them loudly all the time. This was to let the people know that they were coming. The people, hearing the bells, would look and keep out of the way. Thus they escaped being run over.

4. The electric ears went very fast and there always seemed to be one passing. Once in a while there was room between them to get a cross. Then a carriage or automobile would be sure to come between.

5. The old lady was quite timid. Even if the automobiles were not very close, she was afraid of them. She could not move very quickly.

6. "Broad way is no place for slow people," she said to herself. Just then, she saw a new danger approaching. It was a crowd of school boys on their way home.

7. "Oh dear!" exclaimed the old lady, "what shall I do now? The horses keep to the road way, but rough boys knock against one wherever she is. Here they come. They will jostle me off the sidewalk. I shall fall under the horses' hoofs and the automobiles."

8. But one boy came toward her a head of the others.

He lookēd at her with a bright, frīendly smīlē. "Are you wāītīng to get a crōss?" he āskēd.

9. "Yes, dēār," she rēplīēd. "But there are so many horses, and I can not wālķ vērŷ fāst."

10. "Look out, fēllōws!" crīēd Clārēncē, for that was the boy's nāmē. The other boys were coming up with a thōughtless rūsh. One of them was running bāckwārd. Nōnē of them seemēd to be look īng a hēād vērŷ cārēful ly.

11. Clārēncē was a frāīd they would do the old lādŷ some harm. "This is some fēllōw's mōthēr," he said. "Be cārēful of her."

12. Not one of the boys would have wanted to see rudēness shōwn to his ōwn mōthēr. So they all chēckēd thēir spēēd and some of thēir cāps cāmē off.



13. Then Clărency and a still larger boy took the old lady across the street. One walked on each side of her. They watched their chance to pass between the electric cars. They warned back the drivers of horses with their hands.

14. The other boys followed close behind. It would have been hard for harm to come to an old lady so well guarded. And no harm came to this one. She got over safely at last.



LESSON XXVIII

How to Get Breakfast

1. Said the first little chick,
 With a quicker little squirm,
 “I wish I could find
 A fat little worm!”
2. Said the next little chick,
 With an odd little shrug,
 “I wish I could find
 A fat little bug!”

3. Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
“ I wish I could find
Some nice yellōw meal ! ”
4. Said the fōurth little chick,
With a small sigh of griēf,
“ I wish I could find
A little grēēn lēaf ! ”
5. “ See here ! ” callēd the hēn,
From the grēēn garden pātch,
“ If you want any brēakfast,
Just come here and scrātch ! ”



LESSON XXIX

Whittingtōn and His Cat

Pärt I

1. Dick Whittingtōn was a poōr boy. His pârēnts were bōth dēād. He had not a frīēnd in the wōrld. But he was strōng and will ing to work.

2. He had heard of a gr^eāt cⁱt^y call^ed L^ond^on. He th^ought he could surely find work there. So he tⁱed all his things in a b^und^le and start^ed off.

3. He tr^udg^ed on, day af^ter day. At l^ast he gr^ew v^er^y tⁱred, for L^ond^on was a l^ong way off. Bef^ore he g^ot there, he had sp^ent his l^ast p^enn^y.

4. He sat r^esting on a pil^e of st^on^es. A m^an with a w^ag^on dr^ove by. "Will you rⁱd^e with me?" said the m^an. "You look tⁱred. J^ump in."

5. So Dick Whittingt^on r^od^e the r^est of the way.

6. When he reach^ed the cⁱt^y, he could do n^othⁱng but look ab^out him. He walk^ed up and down the str^eets. He look^ed in to the sh^op wind^ow^s with d^elight. Being a c^oun^tr^y boy, he had never s^een such sⁱghts bef^ore. He did not know what to do in such a noⁱs^y pl^ace.

7. Af^ter a whⁱle it gr^ew d^ark. He sat down on the st^ep^s of a l^arg^e h^ous^e. He s^oon f^ell fast a sl^eep. The o^wner of the h^ous^e found him there. "W^ak^e up, my boy," said he. "What are you doing here, a sl^eep on my st^op?"

8. Dick t^old him how p^oor he was. The m^an g^av^e him some work to do in his h^ous^e. He had to r^un

errands, to bring eōal and woðd, to clēan the silver, and to hēlp the eopk.

9. But his trōublēs were not over. The eopk was a crōss wōman. She seolded him, no matter how well he did. Some tīmes, she ēven whippēd him.

10. He had to slēep in the gārret. The rats and mice ran a bout there all night. A kind wōman, hēaring this, gāvø him a eat. Whittingtōn and his eat sōon be eāmø fāst frjends.

11. As tīmø wēnt on, the eopk grew more and more cruēl to him. At lāst, he tōok his eat and bundlø and wēnt away. He thōught he would lēavø Lōndōn.



LESSON XXX

Whittingtōn and His Eat

Part II

1. Just out sīdø the cītȳ, Dick sat down to rest. Whilø he wāīt ed, the chūrch bēlls be gān to ring. They seemød to say, “Tūrn again, Whittingtōn, Lōrd Māyōr of Lōndōn.”

2. Now, the Lôrđ Māyôr is not ex^{actly} a king. But he is a v^{ery} gr^{eat} man. Dick thôught to be Lôrđ



Māyôr of Lônđon wôuld be a f^{ine} thing. So he w^{ent} b^{ack} to his m^{aster's} h^{ouse}. ✓

3. As he w^{alked}, he still listened to the b^{ells}. They still r^{ang} out, "T^{urn} again, Whittington, Lôrđ Māyôr of Lônđon!"

4. "I am only a poor boy," thought Whittington.
 "How can I ever be come Lord Mayor of London?"

5. Dick's master was a merchant. He sent many things to Africa in great ships. There they were sold and the money was brought home to him.

6. A fine ship was just ready to sail. All the servants were sending things on it for sale. When it came to Dick, he had nothing but his eat. So he sent that. When she was gone, he had a good cry. He felt that he had lost his best friend.

7. Dick was very lonely without his eat. But at last some good news came. There were many rats and mice in Africa. They swarmed even in the royal palace. The king could not eat his dinner in peace for them. So he bought the eat for a great deal of money.

8. The money was brought safely to Dick. He was no longer a poor boy. His master took care of his money for him. He bought ships with it to go to Africa. He bought things to put on the ships for sale.

9. Dick gave up his work now, and went to school. He studied hard and became a very wise man. When he grew up, he married his master's daughter.

10. His ships kept taking goods to Africa. They

al ways brought bäck more moneý than the goods cōst.
In tīme, Dick be eāme a vērý rich man.

11. And ever ý tīme the chũrch bēlls rāng they seemed
to sing the old sōng. It was al ways, “Tũrn again,
Whittingtōn, Lōrd Māýōr of Lōndōn!”

12. At lāst, what the bēlls said eāme true. Dick
Whittingtōn be eāme Lōrd Māýōr of Lōndōn.



LESSON XXXI

The Spīder and the Flý

prettiest

1. “Will you wālk in to my pārlōr?” said the Spīder to
the Flý;

“’Tis the prettiest little pārlōr that ever you did
spý.

The way in to my pārlōr is up a wīnd ing stāir,
And I have many eūrřous things to shōw you when
you’re there.”

“Oh, no, no!” said the little Flý; “to ask me is in
vāñ;

For who goes up your wīnd ing stāir can nē'êr come
down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be wearȳ, dēar, with soar ing up
so hīgh ;

Will you rest up on my so fā?" said the Spīder to
the Flȳ.

"There are pretty eūrtāins drawn a round ; the sheets
are finē and thin,

And if you like to rest a whīle, I'll snūg ly tūck you
in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Flȳ ; "for I've oftēn
heard it said,

They never, never, wāke again who slēep up on your
bed."

3. Said the eunīng Spīder to the Flȳ ; "Dēar frīend,
what can I do

To shōw the wārm āffēctiōn I have al ways fēlt for
you?

I have with in my pantrȳ good stōre of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're vērȳ wēl come. Will you plēase to
take a slice?"

“Oh, no, no!” said the little Flȳ; “kind sīr, that
can not be,
I’ve heard what’s in your pantrȳ, and I do not wish
to see.”

4. “Swēt crēāture,” said the Spīder, “you’re wittȳ and
you’re wise;
How handsome are your gauzȳ wings! how brilliant
are your eyes!
I have a little look ing-glass up on my pārlōr shēlf,
If you’ll stēp in one mōmēnt, dēar, you shall be hold
your sēlf.”
“I thānk you, gēntle sīr,” she said, “for what you’re
plēased to say,
And bidding you good-mōrning, now, I’ll eall an-
other day.” — Jāne Tāylōr.



LESSON XXXII

The Town Mūsiciāns

Pārt I

1. A pōor old dōnkēȳ could eārrȳ no more pācks.
He wōndēred what he shōuld do for a living. He

thought he would go to Brēmen and ēarn his bread as a mūsiċān. He had still a věry fīnē voicē.

2. On his way he mēt a dog, who was also old and wōrn out. The dog lookēd věry sōrrōwful. He said his māster was going to kill him beċause he was of no more ūse.



3. "Come with me and be a mūsiċān," said the dōnkēy. "That is bētter than being killed."

4. The dog thōught so too, so he wēnt with the dōnkēy.

5. They sōon mēt a eat who lookēd sād and fōrlōrn. They askēd her what was the matter.

6. "This eōllār is in my way," said the eat. "The bēlls frightēn a way the rats and mice. I can eātch nōthing to eat, and I am nēarly stārved."

7. "Let us heār you sing," said the dōnkēy.

8. The eat yowlēd him a tūnē and he was satisfiēd.



9. "Come with us," he said, "and you shall make your fortūnē. We are going to Brēmen to ēarn our līving as mūsīcīāns."

10. The eat likēd the īdēā and joinēd the band.

11. On they wēnt till they saw a roōster pērchēd upon a fēncē. He was crowīng about everȳ fivē sēcōnds.



12. "Whȳ do you make so much noīse?" said the dōnkēȳ.

13. "I have not lōng to līve," rēplīēd the roōster. "I want to make all the noīse I have tīme for. The cōok is going to put me in to a Chrīstmas pīē."

14. "Come with us," said the thrēē mūsīcīāns. "There are bētter things than being bākēd in a pīē. We are going to make our fortūnēs in Brēmen as town mūsīcīāns. You can sīng as well as any of us. We will make a plācē in the band for you."

15. So the roōster jūmpēd down from the fēncē and wēnt a lōng, too.

LESSON XXXIII

The Town Musicians

Part II

1. As night eāme on, they found shēlter in a wood. Seeing a light, they wēnt towārd it. They wanted some thing to eat.

2. The light strēamēd from a röbber's eāve. Looking in, they saw a tāble sprēad with good things.

3. "There is a good supper for us," said the dönkeŷ. "But how shall we manage to get it?" Then they talkēd the matter over, and a grēd up on a plan.

4. The dönkeŷ put his förefet on the windöw sill. The dog stood on the dönkeŷ's bäck and the eat on the dog's. The röster pērchēd up on the eat's hēad. Then they all sāng as loud as they could.

5. The dönkeŷ bräyēd and the dog bärkēd. The eat yowlēd and shöok her bēlls. The röster cröwēd with all his might. The röbbers had never heard such a din beföre. They were frightēnēd ālmöst out of thēir wits. They thöught all the pölicemēn in töwn were coming āfter them with guns and drüms. They ran

pěll mēll from the cāvē. They never stōppēd un til they cāmē to the other sīdē of the wōōds.

6. The town mūsīcīāns now wēnt in to the cāvē and hēlpēd them sēlvēs to a good supper. Then they prēpāred to spend the night there. The dōnkēy lāy at full lēngth in the yārd. The dog cūrlēd him sēlf up be hīnd the dōōr. The eat found a cōzŷ cōrner by the fīrē. The roōst er pērchēd on a beām nēār the roōf.

7. A bout mīdnīght, one rōbber cāmē stēālīng bāck. He did not be līvē it was pōlēcēmēn, āfter all, that had mādē the noīse. The fīrē was out and all was quīēt. He crēpt in to the cāvē and lookēd a bout him.

8. He saw the shīnīng ēyēs of the eat. He hēld a mātch tōwārd them, to see if he could light it. But Pūss flēw at him and scrātchēd his fācē.

9. He tūrnēd to run from the cāvē. The dog sprāng from be hīnd the dōōr and bīt his lēg. Out sīdē he stūmblēd over the dōnkēy, who kīckēd him for his pāīns. Then the roōst er crīēd, "Čock-a-dōōdly-do!"

10. The rōbber ran as fāst as he could to his mates. "There is a hōrrīd old wītch in the cāvē," said he. "She flēw at me and trīēd to scrātch my ēyēs out. Then a pōlēcēmān stābbēd me from be hīnd the dōōr.

An other, in the yārd, struck me with his club. And on the roof sat a judge who cried, ‘Crack his noddle, too!’”

11. The robbers never went near the cave again. They remained on the other side of the wood. The musicians made the cave their home. They worked in town during the winter, earning money with their music.

12. In the spring they bought a store of food and went to the cave. There they stayed all summer long.



LESSON XXXIV

The Sleeping Beauty

Part I

women

1. Once up on a time, there was a beautiful baby princess. To keep her birth day, her father, the king, gave a great feast. He in vited nearly every body, but there were not places at the table for all. So, a few had to be left out.

2. There were thir teen wise women in the kingdom. They could all give fairy gifts. Twelve of them were

in vited to the fēast. The thir tēenth eāme without being in vited. She eāme late, however, and did not stay lōng.



3. The twēlvē wīse women all blēssēd the bābȳ. They gāvē her good ness, beāūtȳ, and other fīnē gīfts. Be-
fōrē the twēlfth had fīnishēd, in strōdē the one who had not been in vited.

4. She said, “When the prīnċess is fiftēn yēars of āgē, she shall wound her fīngēr with a spīn dlē and fall down dēād.”

5. Having said this, the āngry wīse woman strōdē out again.

6. The twēlfth wīse woman trīēd to think what she could do to sāvē the līfē of the prīnċess.

7. At last she said, “Dēath is ōnly a kind of slēp. The prīnċess shall slēp a hundred yēars. Then a prīnċē shall wākēn her with a kiss.”

8. This was ālmōst as bād for the pōor pārēnts.

They could not expect to live until the hundred years should end. But it was all that the twelfth wise woman could think of at the time. The rest had all spoken, and they could say no more.

9. The princess grew up a bonny lass, beloved by every body. As her fifteenth year drew near, the king ordered all spin dles to be destroyed. Thinking there was not one left, he rode out one day with the queen. They left the princess at home alone.



10. "I am fifteen years old," said the princess, when they were gone. "Yet I have never seen all of this great castle. I'll explore it, to keep my self busy."

11. She wandered over the castle until she came to the oldest tower of all. This had a winding stair,

which she climbed to the top. There she found an old woman spinning flax.

12. "Let me see your work," she said to the old woman. But the moment she touchēd the spin dle, she prickēd her finger with it. Then she fēll up on a bed nēār by, as if dēād.

13. The twēlfth wisē woman had been think ing, think-
ing, all thēsē fiftēn yēārs. She had at lāst contrivēd
a way by which the princēss nēēd not be pärted from
her pārēnts. She wanted them to be with her when
she a wōkē.

14. When the princēss fēll a slēēp, there fōrē, everŷ one
ēlsē in the cāstlē fēll a slēēp, too. The king and quēēn
had come home and āscēndēd thēir thrōnēs. There they
slēpt as sound ly as if they had been in bed.

15. The cōōk drōppēd the frŷing pan and, lēāning
against the mantēl, fēll a slēēp, too. No lŷing thing
a bōut the pālācē could kēēp a wākē. Ēvēn the dogs
slēpt in thēir kēnnēls and the horses in thēir stalls
and the dōvēs up on the rōōf.

16. And all arōund the cāstlē there grēw up a hēdgē
of thōrns so thick that no one could make his way
thrōgh it.

LESSON XXXV

The Sleeping Beauty

Part II

1. The yēars pāssēd on and brāvē yōūng prīnçēs grēw up in the neīghbōrhōd. All heard of the slēēping Prīnçēs and many trīēd to fōrcē thēir way thrōugh the hēdgē of thōrns. But the thōrns caught and hēld them fast and there they dīēd.

2. At lāst the hūndred yēars cāmē to an end. Then cāmē a prīnçē brāver and handsōmer than any other.

3. He rōdē boldly tōwārd the eāstlē. As he cāmē nēār, the thōrny hēdgē tūrnēd to a hēdgē of flōwers. Thēsē pārtēd to let him thrōugh. Sōōn he stōōd bēsīdē the bed on which the prīnçēs lāy, stīll slēēp-ing. Āftēr looking at her a mōmēnt, he stōōpēd and kīssēd her.

4. Instantly all slēēping things ābōut the pālāçē āwōkē. The cōōk pīckēd up the frīying pān and wēnt on prēpāring the dīnnēr.

5. The dōvēs cōōfēd and flūttērēd on the rōōfs. The dōgs bārkdē and rān ābōut, wāggīng thēir tāīls. The

horses stampēd in thēir stalls, and the grooms wēnt on cūrr̃y ing them.

6. The king and quēēn and the pēople a bout them ōpēnēd thēir ēyēs and wēnt on hold ing cōūrt.

7. The prīncēs sat up in bed. Seeing a strāngē prīncē stand ing be sīdē her, she āskēd him how he cāmē there. When she heard how she had been sāvēd, she was vēr̃y glād and grate ful.

8. By this tīmē the thōrñy hēdgē had tūrnēd to flow ers all a round the cāstlē. Seeing this, the neīgh-
bōr ing kīngs and quēēns cāmē to say how glād they were.

9. The slēep ers lookēd in sūrprīse up on the drēs sēs of thēir vīsītōrs, for the stylēs had chāngēd. The vīsītōrs thōught the pēople who līvēd in the cāstlē vēr̃y old-fāshīōnēd.

10. But this was sōōn mādē right. It was not lōng befōrē the whōlē cōūrt was drēs sēd in the vēr̃y lāt est stylē.

11. Then a grēāt wedding fēāst was ōrdēd, and the Slēep ing Bēāūt̃y was mārriēd to the brāvē Prīncē.

TABLE OF COMPARISONS

This table is prepared for the convenience of teachers using present and former editions in the same classes. Sentences omitted in this edition from former editions are given below in italics. Sentences in which words have been changed are given in their original form, with the changed words in parentheses.

Former Edition

PAGE	LINE	
8	1-3	(No, he was not) a barber or a carman. (He was not) a charcoal man or a harness maker. (He did not) keep a laundry or a market.
	7-8	They took the carpets out on the river, (on) a barge.
9	2-3	A little footpath led (them home) from the landing.
	6	<i>"The darlings will soon be here."</i>
	9	I must (see to the) rhubarb tarts, too.
	11-12	"There's the (lad's scarlet scarf). (He's) waving (it at) me now."
10	14	Do you know any little girl (that) has three names?
15	1-2	There once lived in France a little (lass) named Blanche.
16	9-10	"You are my nurse in sickness, and my cook and (maid)."
21	3-4	"Who was Wee Winnie (Wimples)?"
	5-6	"She could not (speak), but she could (talk) to her puppy."
	18	<i>"They are not at all foolish."</i>
23	23	"The vine is very (graceful)."
26	8-9	"I hope he has not (soiled or) torn his new jacket."
27	1-2	Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! the Sea-Gull's arrived (safe)."
	7-8	"You should (leave your wild ways) out of doors."
	15-16	"I don't loiter on the way (till the milk curdles)."
28	2-5	<i>Omitted.</i>
	9-10	<i>"You may have your choice."</i>
	14-15	<i>"Well, where shall I go and what shall I get?" asked Victor.</i>
	20	Victor whistled to (his dog), and they were off.
43	6	(She fell to eating) the berries.
44	8-10	He jumped down and (fell to eating).
47	2	<i>He has chickens, too.</i>
	5-6	<i>He keeps the chickens for the eggs they lay.</i>
48	11-12	They set an excellent example for (people who don't like work).
	16-17	Brother Fox helps himself to them whenever he (is hungry).
	18	(This) is a bad way to bring them up.
49	7-9	Brother Fox (falls into many a sad fix).
50	12	We (may) do so and send it to the museum.
62	13-14	He was (exerting himself to the utmost upon it).
66	5	When she hid in the cave she put (it) out herself.
70	7-9	The bees buzz (lazily) by on their gauzy wings.
71	12-13	When they saw a white man on a horse, they stared (hard).
77	16-17	They stopped by the (maize and the) onion patch.
80	23	A scalloped breakfast cape; a quire of note paper; a leather wallet; (a hank of grey yarn;) a pretty (dotted) veil; a new waffle iron; (a zinc washboard) and a beautiful bronze clock.

- 81 10 "I'll have that mouse," said the (biggest) cat.
 81 12 "I *will* have that mouse," said the (eldest) son.
 82 15 *She died of typhoid fever.*
 83 15 He is a very (patient little sufferer).
 84 14-15 *The veins in his temples swell and turn blue.*
 , 17 He is a (good-natured) little fellow.
 101 18-20 "I (would) rather lose a thousand cherry trees, than have you tell one lie."
 103 12-13 The edge (curved outward to show the shining inner surface).
 105 14-16 "'Oo work pitty hard. Patsey bing oo somesin to eat. Don't oo fink she's nice?'"
 109 1 But the little fish did not understand (men's) talk.
 119 4-5 "(How came you) in Morgau's class-room?" asked mamma.
 122 1 But worse than the horses were the (cable) cars.
 8-9 The (cable) cars went very fast and there always seemed to be one passing.
 10-11 Then a carriage or (truck) would be sure to come between.
 12-13 Even if the (carriages) were not very close, she was afraid of them.
 21-22 I shall fall under the horses' hoofs and the (carriage wheels).
 124 3-4 They watched their chance to pass between the (cable) cars.
 136 13-14 He held a match toward them, to see if (it would light).
 138 8-12 Before the twelfth (could speak), in strode the one who had not been invited.
 140 3-4 "Let me see your (spindle)," she said to the old woman.
 13-15 The king and queen slept as soundly (on their thrones) as if they had been in bed.

